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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



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THIS issue of *Penthouse Letters* is devoted to all the ladies out there who are living the dream. Those hot vixens who know what they want and go after it—come hellcat or high water.

After all, there's no sense in having a dirty plan without putting it into action, right? From delivering seductive blowjobs to actively pursuing their prey, the wild women in these pages are at the top of their game—which means everyone scores!

These sizzling stories about chicks on the make bring you the best of summer, from a racy road trip in the Letter of the Month, to whimsical yet kinky erotica in "Cherry-Picking" and a whole lot of lusty letters in between.

Our readers have really outdone themselves when it comes to capturing their hearts' desires—and lucky for us, they're willing to share every debauched detail!

Want some adventures of your own and need help deciding what steamy path to choose? We've got your back. Turn to page 108, where we've assembled our readers' fondest fantasies to create a sexual bucket list with the Top 10 Sexual Must-Dos. How many have you checked off?

—The Editors

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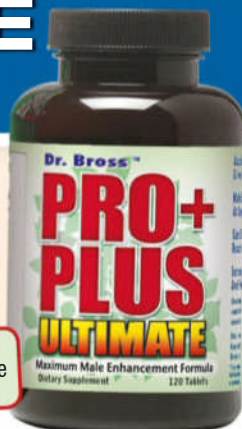
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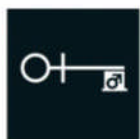
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■ ORAL EXAM

Sometimes your ripest pornographic fantasies come to life. That's how it was when April approached me on the university quad, smiled, and asked if I would teach her how to give a proper blowjob.

Okay, it didn't happen quite that directly. There was small talk first. I knew April from a senior psych class, which made me wonder if this was some trick study.

"I know Marcie's your girlfriend, Joe. She told me over drinks how she goes down on you and how much you enjoy it."

I blushed. "Marcie gets gabby after a couple beers," I said sheepishly.

There were two things April obviously didn't know. One, Marcie's oral skills weren't all that great. She grazed me with her teeth repeatedly, and she couldn't overcome her gag reflex. So basically she gnawed uncomfortably on my knob until I managed to get off. I'd tried giving her some pointers, but that just made her threaten to stop sucking me off altogether. And you know what guys say: any blowjob is better than none.

The second thing April didn't know was that I had a wicked crush on her. She was a beautiful, sprightly young woman, with pitch-black hair, arching eyebrows, high firm breasts and tight calves and thighs.

Sitting together on the quad's grass, she saw from my dropped jaw that she needed to explain more. "Look, I came to you because you're smart and sensitive. Also, you're with Marcie, so we can keep some emotional distance and be clinical. And we wouldn't be fucking, so you wouldn't really be cheating."

I didn't point out the speciousness of that argument. At the moment I was trying to hide the hard-on tenting the front of my jeans.

She went on, "Every time I've tried to give a blowjob, it's been a disaster.

Marcie said you once told her how to do it, so I know you give good advice. I've met this guy named Derek, and we're getting serious. I want him to enjoy the first blowjob I ever give him. I want to do it right. Will you teach me how?"

What could I say? I looked her in the eye. "April, I would be happy to help you."

So we set up the time and place, later that night at her off-campus housing. She promised never to breathe a word about our meet-up to Marcie.

The hours crawled by while I waited. I

**"WHEN SHE LET
OUT HUMS OF
HAPPINESS, IT SET
THE JUICE
SIMMERING IN MY
BALLS."**

had devoted serious fantasy time to April. I'd imagined us together in all sorts of ways. She was more than just physically attractive. I liked how easy-going and pragmatic she was. In my dreams we weren't just lovers, but boyfriend and girlfriend. I knew we would have fit well. But I couldn't begrudge her happiness with this Derek guy she'd mentioned.

I showed up eagerly at the appointed hour. April greeted me, offered me a beverage which I declined, and showed me to her bedroom. It seemed vaguely formal, like I'd come over to help her study. Well, what did I expect? This wasn't a date, after all.

She wore jeans and a T-shirt, and couldn't help but look beautiful. She smiled nervously. "Do you want to sit on the bed?" she asked.

"However you like. Um, I could stand

and you could kneel in front of me, or..." Suddenly, the whole thing was awkward and weird.

She started to reach for my fly, then froze. Embarrassed, she said, "Would you mind if I acted like you were Derek for a bit?"

"That would be fine." Despite the anxious atmosphere in the room, I was still fiercely attracted to her.

She gathered herself, then looked up at me, her smile more natural now. "Derek," she said warmly, "I'm so glad you came over."

"Glad you invited me." I'd done a little theater and slipped into my role, envying Derek his relationship with this gorgeous woman.

"You look hot tonight." She moved toward me again.

"You look hotter." It was all I could do not to pull her into a kiss or lay my hands on her tits. When her fingers undid my jeans, my achingly erect cock sprang out into her hand. The denim slid halfway down my thighs.

"You like when I squeeze you like this?" She applied pressure to my hard shaft.

Dropping out of my "Derek" voice, I said, "A little gentler. Hold it like that—yeah. Then pump it some, up and down. Yeah..."

"I'm going to suck your cock tonight, Derek. Does that sound like fun?"

I trembled. "Lots of fun."

She knelt down. My cock reared before her face. Her wide eyes looked up questioningly.

"Hold me around the base of the shaft," I said, and she encircled me with her thumb and forefinger. "Now cup my balls softly with your palm." She applied gentle pressure to my nutsac, sending pleasure radiating through me. "That's good," I sighed.

"Now—I suck?"

"Lick the cockhead. Swirl it slowly with your tongue, like it's a lollipop." I gazed down in wonder as April's tongue painted spit over my swollen crown.

She picked up a bead of my pre-come. I waited to see if she would wince at the taste, but she deliberately swallowed it and made a “mmm” sound.

“I can’t wait to swallow your load, Derek.”

Again, I envied the man, but then remembered in that moment I was effectively him. I said, “Now put your lips on the tip of my cock and just let them melt over it. Yeah. Careful with your teeth. You want to tuck them behind your lips. Good.”

Her soft lips slipped over my knob, enveloping it. The sensation made my head whirl with a growing bliss.

“Keep using your tongue,” I instructed. “Don’t be in any hurry. Keep your lips sealed, and start to slide your mouth forward, taking in more of the shaft. Apply a little suction, but don’t overdo it. If he flinches, you’ll feel it. You’ve got his balls in your hand, after all.”

Her cheeks flattened in nicely around my staff as her head came forward. She took my inches in slowly, and it was a breathtaking sight. Her tongue teased my shaft, flicking over the tiny pulsing veins.

I watched my cock disappearing into her mouth. Her lovely face had a dreamy look. Suddenly, she stopped, and her arched brows came together.

Quickly I said, “That’s your gag reflex kicking in. What you want to do is relax your throat muscles, which are trying to involuntarily clench. Go as slow as you need to, a centimeter at a time if you like. Think about Derek. Think about your own pleasure.” Her expression changed. She definitely looked like she was enjoying herself.

She sucked more of me down, in tiny increments. Then she made a sudden lunge and swallowed me all the way, like someone on the high dive finally deciding to take the plunge. My body bucked. Her nose was buried in my curls. She gave a loud happy grunt, then trailed off with a satisfied hum.

My balls tingled on her palm. “That’s awesome, April,” I panted. “By the way,



LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

any time you feel like humming like that, do it. It feels so good." Awestruck, I watched where I was joined, cock to mouth, with this beautiful woman. I wanted to savor the glory of the moment, but I was there as an instructor.

"Now lift your head slowly, until you're back where you started, with your lips around the cockhead. Don't break contact. Keep him encased the whole time, and keep up that suction you've got going. It's perfect. Drop your mouth down the shaft again. Work that tongue, fondle the balls a little. Then up, then down. That's great. That's fucking incredible..."

My eyes drifted shut. The pleasure was intense and still building. Her mouth was the ideal cradle for my hard cock. She held me tenderly but passionately. Her tongue caressed. Her throat opened again and again to let my cockhead press her tonsils. When she let out periodic hums of happiness, it set the juice simmering in my balls.

I opened my eyes and looked down. She was gazing back up at me soulfully, with eyes that seemed to brim with desire and emotion. She was performing

an act of love. Her mouth was a source of magical pleasure. Her black-haired head bobbed. She kept me riveted with that stare.

Grunting now between the words, I said, "Derek might—uhn—want to start—aah—thrusting into your mouth. If that's okay with—"

April's free hand went around me, grabbed a handful of my ass and yanked my hips toward her face. She wanted me to fuck her mouth.

I set my hands on her head, planted my feet and started stroking into her. She matched her bobbing head to my thrusts perfectly. She let go of my balls and seized the other half of my ass. She sped up my bucking hips, deep-throating me every time. My sac spanked her chin.

My fingers wound into her hair, grabbing her hard at the roots. I meant to explain that Derek might want to clutch her like this while he fucked her face, but the words didn't reach my lips. I was stroking like crazy now. She was humming and sucking like a pro. It occurred to me that this was the very best blowjob I'd ever received in my life.

I held her head and fucked her mouth mercilessly. Derek was the luckiest bastard in the whole world and would probably never even know it. He had an exquisite, devoted woman who was eager to do everything she could to please him. I hoped to hell he was worth it. I hoped he loved her like she deserved to be loved...like I wished I could love her.

Somehow I found enough control to cry out my warning. "I'm gonna come, April!" If she didn't want to swallow my spunk, now was the time to bail out.

She didn't bail. The final rapture overtook me. I buried my cock deep in her face and started jetting like mad. One huge spurt was followed by the next. The pleasure tore up through me, raking every nerve ending. I shot a monstrous load, and she drank down every drop of it.

Finally, she let go of my cock—reluctantly, I thought—and rose, wiping spit off her chin. I felt my heart breaking.

"That should make Derek very happy," I said shakily.

She smiled sweetly. "I don't know anybody named Derek. Joe, I've had an insane crush on you and just had to have you, somehow."

I'd been had, but I didn't mind at all. After I broke things off with Marcie, April and I had our happily-ever-after.

—J.S. via email

■ COCK-HUNGRY

Every woman I've ever dated has claimed to love sucking cock, but Linda is the only one who's really meant it. She's the most cock-hungry little slut I've ever known, and no matter how much head she gives, she's always eager for more.

When Linda and I first started seeing each other, I had no idea how into oral she was. She's one of those "lady in the streets, freak in the sheets" types, but she didn't just hop into bed on the first date.





In fact, we'd gone out about a half-dozen times before we'd even kissed, and it was a half-dozen more before I finally got her totally naked. But once I did...damn!

We'd been making out on the couch while watching TV when I made my move and suggested we relocate to the bedroom. Hot and horny, Linda was more than game. In fact, once we crossed the threshold, she took the lead, pushing me against the wall and kissing me hard, and then slowly lowering herself to her knees in front of me. She skillfully unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned my fly, getting my pants open faster than I could have done myself.

Her cool fingers lightly stroked my stomach as she took hold of the waistband of my boxers. Her touch was teasing as she slid her hands to my sides. Then in one smooth move she tugged my boxers and pants down my legs, letting her fingertips graze my thighs in the process. I shivered with indecent delight, marveling at how such a simple act could turn me on so much.

But little did I know Linda was only getting started.

Once my pants were puddled around my feet, Linda traced her fingers delicately up my legs, tickling my calves and thighs. Then she ran the pads of her fingers lightly over the skin where my thighs met my ass.

I felt myself getting harder as she touched me, and when I looked down, she was intently watching my cock grow before her eyes. She was absolutely transfixed by my bobbing erection; I'd never seen anything like it.

Linda slowly stroked her fingers up and down my thighs, working herself closer and closer to my erection. But when she finally reached my dick, she ignored it. Instead, she lightly tickled my balls, her fingertips dancing over my sensitive sac. Just when I thought I couldn't be surprised anymore, she suddenly cupped my balls in one hand and started to massage them firmly while the fingers of her other slipped between my parted thighs.

“I WAS LITERALLY THROBBING WITH DESIRE, AND I KNEW I WOULDN'T LAST MUCH LONGER.”

Linda gently caressed the skin behind my balls, and immediately I felt a new kind of pressure build inside me. My nuts grew tighter and my cock throbbed, and I clenched my hands into fists as I grunted with pleasure. Linda had yet to touch my dick, but already I felt like I was about to explode. And then, just like that, she stopped. I was crestfallen, but her wicked smile told me there would be more.

Linda rose slowly, kissing her way up my body before planting a deep, passionate kiss on my lips. As our tongues tangled, she pressed her lithe figure against me, trapping my hard cock between us and letting me rub against her smooth, flat tummy. When she lifted her leg to my waist, sliding her silky thigh along my hip, I couldn't take it any longer. With a groan and a shudder, I started to come, releasing my cream in erratic spurts as my pleasure made me lightheaded.

Linda didn't move away from me

as I released salvo after sticky salvo. If anything, she pushed herself tighter against me and kissed me even harder. Her tongue slipped deep into my mouth, and she proceeded to assault my senses with her probing tongue and her irresistible undulations.

As soon as I released my last spurt, Linda moved on to her next mind-blowing act. She turned me around and trailed kisses down my back. She started at my neck, then her soft lips caressed my shoulders, my spine and my ass before traveling down my legs. The entire time, she ran her fingernails softly up and down my body, wherever she could reach—teasing me, tickling me, tantalizing me.

Linda peppered my backside with kisses until my cock was hard once more, which didn't take long. I had a quick recovery time in general, but that night was the fastest I'd ever gotten it up again after climaxing. And Linda, though she was behind me, seemed to sense the moment I became fully erect once more. As soon as I was standing tall, her hands reached around my waist and went straight for my cock, which she finally started to stroke. I tried to bite back my groan, but I know I didn't succeed.

Linda's touch was gentle, her motions slow, and this time I knew it would be quite a while before she'd allowed me to come again.

My girl spun me around so we were facing each other again. She kissed me on the lips and then, nudging me backward, told me to brace myself against the wall.

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

"You're going to need the support," she said with a grin on her face. I'd learned enough about her that night to know I needed to listen to her!

I leaned back and pressed my hands firmly against the wall, and when Linda was satisfied I'd be able to handle whatever she had planned, she dropped down to her knees.

She was eye level with my cock and admired my erection for a moment. Her gaze was full of fire as she examined every inch of my length before wrapping her fist around my shaft. She carefully stroked me down to the base, pulling back my foreskin and fully baring my bulbous cockhead. A drop of pre-come oozed from the tip, and she swooped down to lap it up and take my dick between her lips.

I felt sparks shoot through my body as her tongue swirled around my sensitive crown. As she teased the underside of it, my balls tightened. She'd already gotten me hard again faster than I'd thought possible, but now she had me all worked up and on the verge of another climax. I could barely believe the feelings that were coursing through my body.

This time I had more self-control, however, and I was able to hold off blowing my load. And thank God, because now that Linda had taken me in her mouth I wanted to enjoy the moment for as long as humanly possible.

Linda sucked my head hard, her tongue continuing to dance around the tip, and then she took me deeper. As my cock was pulled farther into her mouth, I felt her teeth very gently graze me, and the sensation shot electricity right up my spine. Her fist slid down my shaft as she

swallowed me. When her fingers were wrapped around the base of my erection, she started to twist her hand around my dick as her stroking intensified and her lips rose and fell. Between the corkscrew action of her hand and her sucking mouth, I went absolutely wild with lust. I was tempted to jam my cock deep into her throat—my hips even bucked away from the wall once—but I managed to control my desire. I pressed myself more firmly against the cool plaster as she continued to worship my shaft and torment me.

I was trying my hardest not to blow when I felt her deep-throat my dick. The tip of my cock pressed right up against the back of her throat, and my eyes sprang open in surprise. I'm not the biggest, not in length nor girth—most porn stars could easily show me up—but I like to think I'm more than a mouthful. I'd never had a girlfriend who could so easily suck me down to the root like Linda had just done.

After swallowing me as deeply as she could, she slowly pulled back, her tongue zigzagging along the underside of my shaft. When she reached the very tip, she popped my erection out of her mouth, and a string of saliva and pre-come connected her to my cock by a thread. She looked up into my eyes and licked her lips, and then sucked my dick back into her sloppy mouth.

I was literally throbbing with desire by that point, and I knew I wouldn't last much longer. Linda cupped my balls in one hand again and started stroking up and down my shaft with the other in perfect harmony with her mouth's suction. As much as I loved her teasing and the delicious torture of waiting to come, I needed to climax sooner rather than later, and the way she was feverishly working me let me know she was finally going to let me shoot again.

Primed for an explosive orgasm, I let go of the last shreds of my self-control and enjoyed the fantastic head I was getting from Linda. I closed my eyes and savored the feeling of her mouth on my shaft and

**"WITH A GROAN, I
STARTED TO
COME, RELEASING
MY CREAM IN
ERRATIC SPURTS."**



her fingers on my sac, and when I finally was ready to blow, I cried out ecstatically before filling my date's mouth with a hot load of come.

When I caught my breath and opened my eyes once more, I saw Linda looking up at me with a huge smile on her face and my cream dribbling down her chin.

Eventually, the two of us made it into bed, and I got to return the favor by licking her pussy until she screamed. I know we'll never be even, though, because every time I see Linda, she uses her mouth to send me to the moon. In the three years we've been together since that first blowjob, she's gone down on me at least four times a week, and since we moved in together six months ago, she's sucked me off on a daily basis. Usually, a blowjob serves as an appetizer to our main sexual course, but sometimes oral is the only thing we do.

Like I said, Linda is a cock-hungry little thing, but I wouldn't want her any other way.

—M.A., Trenton, New Jersey

■ HOW TO RELAX

Terry was nervous. I could see it in the set of his jaw, and it showed in the way the divot between his eyebrows deepened—so deep that I felt like I could slide a coin into it.

"Relax."

"I am relaxed."

Patting his arm, I said, "Oh, I can see that by the way your shoulders are all the way up around your ears."

"My mother is a difficult person."

He piloted our giant SUV through the cramped airport parking garage. It was enough to make *me* stress, how narrow all these turn lanes were.

then, nudging me backward, told me

"It'll be fine," I assured him. "We've been together a year. I'm adorable."



He actually laughed at that last part before putting his hand on my upper thigh. He always does that; it's an innocent gesture of affection, but it always turns me on. I keep waiting for it not to turn me on...thankfully, I'm still waiting.

"You are adorable, my love, but she is not. She's sort of like...an angry honey badger."

I snorted, giggles overtaking me as we continued our journey through the parking structure. "That's awful."

"Do you think I'm a terrible person?" he asked as we continued to search for a convenient parking spot.

"Of course not." *Who wants to tangle with a badger?*

"Then why haven't I seen my mother in the whole year we've been together?"

I rolled my eyes. "Because you're busy?" *Too busy to be badgered, at least.*

"Nope. Because I don't want to. That either makes me a terrible son or..."

"Or...you have your reasons." I added, giving voice to the thoughts already in my mind.

"Damn good reasons. She *is* a very difficult person."

"It'll be fine. I've dealt with difficult people before." I put my hand on his and moved it higher on my thigh so the tips of his fingers brushed the "V" between my thighs.

"Why don't we just go home now,

pretend we forgot about her, and I'll fuck you so hard you won't remember your name?"

"We can't do that. But you do need to relax."

"Not gonna happen." He finally spotted a space and pulled in.

"I can help."

He put the SUV in park and then cut the engine. "No, you can't. No one can."

"Oh, I think I can. I think *only* I can."

I leaned across the console and unzipped his jeans.

"Babe—"

"Shh, trust me."

His cock was already growing hard, and after only a moment in my hand, it became fully erect. I stroked him for a moment and then leaned into his lap and brushed my tongue across the salty tip of his dick. He groaned, and I took that as my cue to suck his cockhead into my mouth, swirling my tongue over it gently. When his breath became gruff, I sucked him into my mouth fully, driving my lips down his shaft until I felt his rough pubic hair. Then I did it again, and again, until his hips began moving up from beneath me.

I gave him a few more good sucks and then sat up. "Zip up," I said.

"What?" He looked baffled.

"You needed to be distracted. I'll give you more shortly. But for now we head toward the pick-up area."

He gave me a suspicious look as I got

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?



out of the car, but I just laughed. "Come on. Trust me, will you?"

He took my hand, and we hurried across the lot, finding the stairs because the elevator refused to come. Having descended two flights, I stopped suddenly and looked around. Terry practically ran into me.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just this." I cooed invitingly, pushing him hard enough that he stumbled and his back hit the stairwell wall. I squatted in front of him and unzipped his jeans, drawing out his cock. I listened intently for the sound of feet coming and heard nothing. I felt confident that we'd have a few minutes to ourselves.

"Jesus. This is a bad id—"

That's as far as he got before I slipped my mouth down his cock, silencing him. I felt his muscles tense beneath my palms as I pressed my hands against his thighs. I sucked his dick, bobbing up and down and letting it brush the back of my throat. Ignoring my gag reflex, I breathed

in through my nose and pushed my lips down to the very base of his shaft. Then I played my tongue up one side of his dick and down the other.

His hands strayed to my hair as he thrust into my mouth. I sucked just the tip until he was groaning. Then I pushed myself up and smiled at him. "Zip up. Let's go."

He looked flabbergasted, and I had to swallow a giggle.

"You're killing me," he groaned but obeyed—barely managing to tuck his erection into his jeans before zipping up.

"No. I'm distracting you." I took his hand once more, and we descended the rest of the stairs. We walked into the terminal and examined the huge area, trying to find where we needed to go to meet his mother's flight.

I gently squeezed his hand, and Terry smiled at me. He leaned toward me and whispered in my ear. "My cock is still as hard as a rock, by the way."

"I figured."

"I could pound nails with it."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"No, you're not." He tugged me along, and I followed him through the crowd.

"No," I admitted. "No, I'm not."

As we walked, I scanned for an area where we could be alone. I needed to keep my distraction going. Soon, we passed a cordoned-off waiting area. Just lines and lines of empty chairs. An empty desk. A blank screen. I quickly glanced around for security and found none. Cameras would probably be present somewhere, but there was nothing I could do about that. I pulled him along after me as I dodged the velvet ropes that served as no deterrent whatsoever.

"What—"

"Just follow. Fast."

There was a huge potted plant, and I practically shoved him behind it. Then I dropped down on the gray utilitarian carpet and went back to work. He was still incredibly hard, and I licked a drop of pre-come off the tip of his cock. The salty flavor flooded my mouth, and I sighed as I drove my mouth down his shaft again. I pushed my fingers into his jeans and cupped his balls.

Terry moaned, and I mumbled around his dick, "Keep a lookout."

"If I can process information I will. You're kind of distracting me."

He thrust into my mouth, grunting in a way that raised the hairs on the back of my neck. I loved when he sounded more animal than man. I swallowed him down as best as I could, loving that he seemed so out of control.

"Someone's coming," Terry whispered and pulled out of my mouth.

I stood quickly as he put himself together. We'd already started walking when someone stopped just behind us and didn't say anything other than, "Kids."

I held my laughter until we were back out in the fray and then lost it. "He thought we were horny teenagers."

"We're kind of acting like it," he said. But Terry was grinning. He held my

“I SUCKED HIS DICK, BOBBING UP AND DOWN AND LETTING IT BRUSH THE BACK OF MY THROAT.”

hand and was swinging it. The tight lines around his mouth had relaxed as had his brow. This was a good thing.

But nearing the pick-up area for his mother, I could feel his tension creeping back. I saw a maintenance worker pass through a door, and before it could swing shut I snagged it. I peeked through the doorway in time to see the man disappear down a hallway. I hustled Terry in, and to our right was a supply closet. I pushed him in and pulled the door shut behind us.

“You need to relax.”

“I—”

“You need to relax,” I repeated and got down on my knees. This time the deed would be finished.

Terry didn’t wait; he unzipped for me and presented his dick. I licked the tip and traced the ridges. I sucked lightly and then harder. I held him in my hand and jacked his shaft while my tongue swirled around his cockhead. I kept working him with my fist as I licked my way down to his balls, finally sucking one into my mouth.

He hissed and arched against me. “Don’t stop,” he said.

A thrill curled through me. Any time I could push him beyond the bounds of his reserved nature was a good time for me.

I pushed my hand down into my leggings as he bucked toward my face.

“What are you doing?” He slowed, and

I could tell he was looking down at me.

I broke away and smiled at him. “Getting you off gets me off. Let’s get off together. Right here. Right now.”

He let his head tip back and groaned like a wounded man. But he began to thrust between my lips again, holding my head as he fucked my mouth. The salty taste of him grew stronger, and I knew he was close to climaxing. I slipped two fingers into my pussy and ground my fingertips against my most sensitive places. I pushed my clit against the heel of my hand and found myself whimpering around his driving dick.

“You’re making me nuts,” he said, as the tempo of his hips increased and his breath grew shorter.

Outside the hustle and bustle of the airport continued, but in this tiny dim closet time had stopped.

“You love it,” I managed to utter before he held my head steady and thrust deep, filling my throat and forcing me to inhale deeply.

The first flickers of an orgasm hit me, and I moaned around his cock which only made Terry move faster.

I pushed my fingers deeper inside myself, forcing my clit against the heel of my hand, and when he grunted like a beast, fucking my mouth, I came. My

cries were stifled by the fact that I was swallowing his shaft at the time. But he could hear them.

“Jesus. Fuck. Christ,” he growled.

Then his come was flooding my mouth and his moans were filling my ears.

He held out his hand, helping me stand and we hurriedly put ourselves right. We slipped back out into the corridor and found the restrooms to freshen up.

My face was flushed in the mirror’s reflection. I smiled at myself, fixed my hair and washed my hands before rejoining him outside.

When we found his mother, she was waiting. Impatiently. But Terry looked calm, and that was all I cared about.

“Why are you so late?” she demanded not even acknowledging me.

“Sorry,” he said, trying not to laugh. “We got distracted.”

—L.D., Miami, Florida

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ON THE JOB

SAVVY AND SEXY, KATERINA IS AN EXPERT AT
MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS.













“DANIEL IS WHAT I NEEDED TO INJECT
SOME EXCITEMENT INTO THIS DEAL!”

—KATERINA







■ ON THE HUNT

The crazy tech wiz who headed our company was going to have us test his new app. We'd use our phones to "track and capture" one another on the city streets—sort of a digital hide-and-seek. While the game sounded fun, all I could think of was how my pussy ached for Marcie.

Marcie was a lovely nimble woman who'd been hired a few weeks ago. Her spiky jet-black hair nicely contrasted with her creamy complexion. She had bewitching green eyes and moved like a slinking jungle cat.

I'd wanted her from the second I saw her. She was flirty and confident, and liked to tease both male and female

coworkers. But with me she was always clipped and formal, responding blankly to any flirtatious overtures I made.

But the night before the exercise, she'd emailed me a link to a website. The photos there featured her in all sorts of sexy outfits—leather miniskirts, G-strings, boots, lingerie. My eyes had popped. Her body was a curvy masterpiece, with lush tits and a firm ass.

Naturally, I'd frantically fingered myself while enjoying these sensual images of my colleague. Only after I'd brought myself to a fierce climax did I wonder why she'd sent that link to me.

Then I read her message: "A hunt makes the capture all the sweeter."

I suddenly became very motivated. The night of the test, we all assembled in a parking lot and divided into two teams:

hunters and prey. The app was installed on our cell phones, and the game would take place within ten square blocks. Prey got a head start. Hunters would then start their pursuit; they'd get a notification on their phones when they were close to any prey. Once they got near enough for the app's facial recognition feature to work, hunters were to take a picture to "capture" their prey.

The game's twist? Every 15 minutes, hunters and prey automatically reversed roles.

I was starting out as a hunter. Marcie was prey. I went up to her and said with a sly smile, "Good luck."

Stiffly, she said, "Thank you." But I saw a twinkle in her eyes. Images of her clad in lace and leather were burned in my brain, spurring me on.

The 20 employees who were tagged as prey scattered every which way. We hunters stood around for five minutes, then set out. Some had decided to stalk others in packs, but I went lone wolf, heading straight for the street I'd seen Marcie go down.

Immediately, I saw how much fun the game could be. It was like a scavenger hunt crossed with paintball. My phone blipped, and I consulted the app's map. Prey was near. I hurried along another street. Private property was off limits, but I realized how many permitted places there were to hide out.

Suddenly, somebody sprang up from behind a mailbox and went scampering past me, laughing. I tried to get my phone up in time to take a photo, but the person was too fast. I didn't follow. It wasn't Marcie, and in truth she was all I was after.

I searched some more. Then the first 15 minutes were up, and the app signaled I'd become prey. Forced into the spirit of the game, I ducked down behind a line of cars, looking for places to conceal myself. I didn't want to get caught and be out of the contest. Marcie and I were playing a deeper game. I



wanted to catch up to her and put my fingers and tongue into her. I wanted to feel her come and then hold her spiky-haired head while I jammed my pussy against her mouth.

As prey, I had two close calls. Once, Jim from accounting nearly nabbed me. Then a pack of my coworkers came charging down the sidewalk, each trying to get close enough for a photo. But I outran those slowpokes. I had to last until the roles reversed again. Bystanders on the street ignored our group's manic antics.

Another 15 minutes had elapsed. I was a hunter again. The app also kept a tally of how many players had been captured. Over half had been snagged by that point. The goal was to be the last person standing, or at least be on what was left of the hunter team when the final prey was captured.

I stopped. I knew this part of the city. I tried to think what Marcie would do. She would want me to find her—but someplace isolated. Then I had it. The park!

I took off at a run, headed for the little strip of green several blocks away. It had a baseball diamond and was screened by trees. I peered through to the open grass. I saw a lithe figure. My breath caught. Marcie! My phone signaled our proximity, and hers had to be doing the same. She suddenly bounded away from me, sprinting across the diamond. She wasn't going to make this easy.

I broke cover and charged after her. She went behind the backstop's fence, and I raced quickly around the other side and cut her off. I held up my phone. She grinned and said, "You got me."

But thoughts of taking her photo to "capture" her vanished as she unzipped her sweatshirt. Dim light fell through the chain-link, making diamond-shaped patterns on her tits as she bared them to me. She slipped her fingers into the waistband of her sweatpants and slid them down her trimly muscled legs. Her



pubic curls were as dark as her spiky hair. She stood nude before me.

She was beautiful. Ravishing. I had to touch her and taste her. I lunged forward and put my hands on those luscious tits. Her nipples were stiff buds. When I squeezed them, she let out a purring moan. I set my mouth on hers, feeling her soft lips. I thrust my tongue through them, met hers, and we kissed fiercely.

Her creamy skin was like silk. I ran my eager hands over her body, reaching behind to grab the sweet swells of her ass. I grazed a fingertip over the pucker of her asshole, and she released a startled, lustful squeal.

I kissed her throat and bent to suck on her tits. I flicked those hard nips with my tongue, then nibbled on them. I kissed my way farther down her taut body. I knelt in the dirt behind the backstop fence; dark trees closed us in on the other side.

I inhaled the tantalizing scent of her sex. Excitement raged through me. My pussy flowed, and my nerve endings popped with anticipation. Marcie hooked a thigh over my shoulder, and I took my first lick of her.

Her flavor hit my tongue like electricity. My muscles jumped, and my senses came crazily alive. Breathing in more of her aroma, I traced her damp folds with my tongue tip. Then, finding my way in

**“WHEN HER
TONGUE TOUCHED
MY CUNT, I JOLTED
SO HARD I NEARLY
LOST MY
BALANCE.”**

the dim evening light, I slipped my tongue inside her. She dribbled hot juice into my mouth. I stabbed deeper. Her clit pulsed with a lively tempo.

I feasted on her quivering nub. Her hips jerked. She humped my open mouth, grinding her pussy against my face. I clutched her ass, and she reached down to seize a fistful of my hair. I licked and probed her with my tongue. She growled and released a delicious burst of juice that soaked my face.

But I wanted to taste more of her. I shifted her until she faced the fence. As I spread the halves of her tight ass with my fingers, she grasped the chain-link and thrust out her butt, moaning with need.

I drew my tongue along her crevice

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▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

until I reached the crinkled circle of her asshole. I teased her around the edges of it. Her body writhed. The chain-link shook. Finally, neither of us could stand the teasing any longer. I put my tongue right on the sensitive ring, wiggling it inside.

Marcie jammed her ass eagerly against my mouth. I delved deep inside her, reaching those vulnerable nerve endings that delivered so much pleasure. She bucked and wriggled. A choked cry rose in her throat, reaching a crescendo. I felt her quake through another ferocious climax.

I stood up, dazed. Marcie hung there a moment, then turned to face me. It was only then I realized I was still fully dressed. She quickly remedied that, tugging off my clothes until we were naked together. She took me in her arms and kissed me, getting all the flavors of

herself that coated my tongue.

Her hands cupped my tits. She stooped to suck on my erect nipples. Pleasure twanged through me, touching every nerve cluster. I sighed as she went farther down, kissing my flat belly and sliding her tongue over my navel. She knelt before me. As she'd done to me, I put my thigh over her shoulder. She held my ass firmly, and I felt her hot breath on my slick pussy lips.

When her tongue touched my cunt, I jolted so hard I nearly lost my balance. But she kept me upright and quested deeper into me. Her tongue was nimble. She found my throbbing clit and gently batted and caressed it. My excitement built implacably. My hips moved of their own will. I smeared my pussy juice all over her face. I reached for two handfuls of that jet-black hair. With the spiky strands between my fingers, I humped

hard against her mouth and came with a drenching release.

The pleasure whirled through me. My body seemed to crackle with invisible energy. She kept her mouth in place, drinking everything I gave her. When at last she sat back, I looked down on her gleaming face. She grinned at me.

Then she moved me to face the backstop. A new wave of excitement overtook me as I gripped the chain-link. Her fingers parted the halves of my ass. I bent forward, giving her the best access possible, desperate for more attention from her mouth.

Her tongue touched my asshole, and fresh joy hit me. I hung there on the fence, feeling helpless, exposed and delighted. I had wanted this woman so badly, and she had made me earn her attention. It had been worth every effort.

Marcie reamed out my back hole with her agile tongue. I heard the slurping sounds she made. I thrust back, wanting her as deeply as I could have her. She lapped at me fearlessly. Before long, I was wriggling, grunting, crying. A monstrous climax rose from the core of my being and flowed out over me, consuming every part of me. The bliss devoured me, and I let go of the fence.

We held each other, and kissed softly. It was Marcie who remembered the game was still on and we could be caught at any moment. So I got out my phone and took a photo of her, capturing the night forever.

—S.G., San Francisco, California

■ MAKING THE GRADE

Jessie sat across the room from me in my history class during my junior year of college. I'd spotted her on the first day, her shimmering auburn hair catching my eye first with the way she filled out her hot-pink sweater a close



second. She was often late, but she always appeared casual and unhurried. She paid attention in class and joked with our professor when she was called on, but as soon as the hour was over, she was the first one out the door.

For the initial weeks of class, I watched her from afar, but one day I decided I needed to get to know her. I got to class early and made sure to sit down at the desk next to her usual seat. But just my luck, she was later than usual. By the time she arrived, someone else had taken her spot, causing her to sit in the back of the room. However, I wasn't deterred. I took my new seat again the next chance I could. My plan worked, and she sat down next to me.

I'd probably stared at her the entire class, but I'm not sure she even noticed. She'd had a laser-like focus on the lecture. But I was determined to speak to her, so at the end of the hour I made a joke about our professor and she laughed. I asked her if she ever used an instant messaging app I like, and she told me her username.

That afternoon I logged in and sent her a note. We chatted for hours that night. I started talking to her every day, but every time I thought about asking her out, she'd mention some guy she was seeing. She didn't seem opposed to my flirting, but she never took things further, and by the end of the semester, I'd accepted that nothing was going to happen between us.

Months passed, and I kept chatting with Jessie, but for the longest time, all I had were fantasies. The only action I was getting was in my imagination—until my final semester of college, that is.

A year after we first met, I ended up in another class with Jessie. The first day of the semester, when she walked in and spotted me, her whole face lit up. She was definitely happy to see me—and I was probably twice as happy to see her.

In the weeks that followed, Jessie sat near me, even though there were lots of



“AS I LAY STUPEFIED BELOW HER, SHE BEGAN TO RIDE ME LIKE A BORN-AND-BRED COWGIRL.”

desks and she could have put plenty of space between us. That made me start to think we had something brewing.

My hunch was right. One day after class, Jessie asked me if I wanted to grab lunch. I agreed, and we had a nice afternoon together. When it was time to head home, she said she'd walk with me to my car. We strolled while talking pleasantly, discussing class and what our plans might be after graduation. She was applying to a master's program, and I was hoping to go to law school.

Anyway, I was parked in the underground lot on the other end of campus from the dorms where Jessie lived, and because it was late on a Friday afternoon, most of the place was empty. My car was all by itself in a dark corner of the garage; the next nearest vehicle was at least 20 spaces away.

When we reached my ride, I turned to say good-bye to Jessie, but instead of responding, she leaned forward and kissed me. I was so startled it took me a few seconds to start kissing her back, but when I did, I went all out. I wrapped my arms tight around her to hold her in place and then kissed her so thoroughly it started to feel like our lips had actually fused together.

Once we finally broke our embrace, I expected...well, I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't what happened next. Instead of an explanation or an excuse, or even a follow-up kiss, what Jessie did was tell me to open the door of the car and get into the passenger's seat.

She was wearing a dress that day, a rare occurrence, and once I sat down in the car, she climbed in and straddled me. She reached between our bodies, unzipped my fly and pulled out my dick, then lifted up her dress to show me she wasn't wearing any underwear.

She leaned over and started kissing me again, and as she did, she pulled the lever at the side of the seat to fully recline it until we were horizontal. Meanwhile, as we were kissing passionately, my cock was getting harder by the second. In no time, I was fully erect and ready for action.

Jessie didn't waste any time. She smiled at me as she guided my stiff dick to her center, then slid down onto me, her slick pussy swallowing me

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entirely. Stuffed with cock, she moaned happily, then leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "I've been wanting to do this for ages."

I couldn't form the words to respond. Having her hot little body on top of mine and finally feeling her slick walls wrapped around my shaft had me really worked up. I could do nothing but savor the feeling of finally being inside her.

Jessie, thankfully, was composed enough for both of us, and as I lay stupefied below her, she began to ride me like a born-and-bred cowgirl. Her hips rocked back and forth, and on every fourth or fifth stroke, she rose up and sank back down completely. Her fingers dug into my forearms, and my hands squeezed her slender thighs, holding her tightly as if to reassure myself that she was really there and I wasn't dreaming.

Jessie released my arms and leaned forward, bracing her hands on my chest. The move changed the angle of

penetration, and her pussy felt even tighter to me.

I reached up to cup her breasts. Her nipples were rock hard, and I could easily feel them through her dress and bra. I started squeezing her tits and tugging at her nipples, which seemed to make her move her hips more frantically. From the way she started moaning loudly, I knew I'd found her hot button, and nothing could stop me.

**"FROM THE LOOK
ON HER FACE, IT
APPEARED SHE
WAS ON THE VERGE
OF A MONSTER
ORGASM."**

We kept going like that for a few minutes, but soon I needed more, so I suggested Jessie lean back and brace herself on the dashboard. She was just the right height to be able to do so without bumping her head, and once she was comfortably positioned, I began to thrust up into her. I pumped my cock in and out of her sweet slit, watching my dick plunge in and out of her.

Jessie started going crazy, moaning loudly and tossing her head. Her hair fell out of her neat ponytail, scattering over her shoulders in a riot of disheveled curls.

I needed to come so badly it practically hurt, but I wasn't going to be selfish. I wanted Jessie to climax before I did. I reached forward and began to very gently rub her hard little clit. Her body jerked and spasmed at the first touch of my finger, and then she started moaning and squealing as I began rubbing her in earnest, increasing my pace and intensity. From the look on her face, it appeared as if she was on the verge of a monster orgasm.

"Harder!" she cried, and I obliged, adding more pressure until she shuddered and shook.

I felt her pussy clench my cock repeatedly as her climactic spasms wracked her body, and then there was a final moment of release as her juices showered my shaft.

With her orgasm out of the way, it was my turn, and I thrust up hard into her as I shot my load, filling her with my cream seconds later.

As soon as she caught her breath, Jessie straightened her dress, flashed me a smile and walked away.

I didn't get to talk to her all weekend, but when she showed up for class on Monday, she sat next to me wearing another dress—and a devious little smile.

—P.R., Boston, Massachusetts



■ BREAK TIME

She was working that night, exactly as I'd hoped. Honey was tall and blonde and had big brown eyes that were so dark they were nearly black. She was built like a badass hourglass and liked her jeans tight, her heels high, and her shirts in any shade of black.

She caught sight of me and tossed me a wave. The smile on her pretty face grew wider, and happiness speared through me like a lightning bolt settling somewhere right around my cock and balls.

I'd already primed the pump. I'd asked her a while ago if she'd consider seeing me outside this seedy, noisy and yet utterly perfect, bar. She'd said "maybe" and gave me a peck on the cheek. When I tried to turn my face to kiss her pouty lips, she'd flitted away like the world's most kick-ass butterfly.

I was hoping that night to finally seal the deal.

"Hey there, handsome." She set a beer down in front of me on the table without my having to ask.

"So, how's tonight looking, Honey?" I took a swig of my beer and watched her face. We'd played this game a few times. I'd ask her when we could get together, and she'd say soon. Then we'd flirt all night, and I'd go home with a dick that could break concrete.

"I think tonight's the night," she said, leaning close. She touched a fingertip to my chin, but it might as well have been my fucking cock.

I was taken off-guard so badly I had to take another draw on my beer just to come up with a response.

"I look forward to it," I said. Then I hung my head and laughed.

"What's so funny?" She leaned against me so that her breast pressed my bicep.

"I've been waiting and waiting for you to say yes to me, and that's the answer I come up with. 'I look forward to it.'"



Pretty pathetic. Don't you think?"

"Not at all," she said in my ear. Her hand trailed down from my hair to the nape of my neck, and I couldn't suppress my shiver. My cock was throbbing in time with my runaway heartbeat.

In my head I had many a vision of me and Honey. Pushing those tan thighs apart and tasting her. Did she taste like her name? Or maybe flowers? Or something like citrus. What did her tits look like? Would she like her nipples sucked or should I bite them? Did she liked to be fucked face-to-face or from behind—or did she like to be on top?

"What are you thinking?" she whispered, licking my ear. "You've turned an interesting shade of red."

"Have I?" My voice wasn't nearly as manly as I'd have liked.

"You have. Were you thinking dirty things? About me?"

I had a choice—lie or tell the truth—and I instantly decided. "I was."

"Tell me."

I shook my head. "I can't."

"Sure you can." Someone called her name, and she smiled at me. "Hurry up..."

"I was wondering what you taste like," I blurted out.

Her cheeks went pink, and she smiled.

"Maybe later you can tell me. I'll be right back. Keep that thought."

I finished my beer in three long swigs, watching that fine ass swing as Honey maneuvered her way around the bar. And then when she turned to me, I waved my finger for another beer. She smiled and shook her head.

The beer thudded against the high-top. "You really think I wasn't going to bring you another?"

"I got impatient."

She moved closer, her hand dipped beneath the table to rest on my thigh. "Thinking any other thoughts?"

"I was thinking about your thighs." Fuck it, I figured. I'd go for the gold.

"What about them?"

"I was thinking what they looked like parted."

Her hand moved up a few inches, hovering right near my crotch. My dick went from hard to snap-off-if-you-looked-at-it stiff. "And?"

"And what it'd feel like to settle between them."

Her fingers grazed the hump of my cock, and I had to bite back a moan. "Soft, I imagine," she said with a smile.

Then she hurried off to another customer, and I thought I'd die. As she walked off, she said over her shoulder,

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**“HER LIPS WERE
SOFT SLIDING
DOWN MY SHAFT,
HER TONGUE A
TALENTED,
TWIRLING ENTITY.”**

“Hold that thought, cowboy.”

I held it.

I had to pace myself with the beer to make sure I didn't drink too fast just to have something to do and then end up shit-faced when I finally got ahold of her.

She came back about 15 minutes later with a fresh beer. “Ready?”

“Nope.”

She grinned. “Good man. Watching how much he drinks on an important night like this.” She cleared the table around me, but when she was directly behind me she dropped a light kiss on the nape of my neck. “I've been thinking myself,” she whispered so close to my ear I could hear her perfectly fine above the cacophony of the bar.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I have.” Her tray was loaded with empties and cocktail napkins and the peanut bowl. She lingered, leaning down to whisper above the din. “Like what your dick tastes like? Do you taste like saltwater? Or cold air and wood smoke? Or fruity? Do you eat a lot of fruit?” She laughed softly, and all the fine hairs along my neck stood on end.

“No.”

“Do you work outside?”

“I do.” She knew that, but I was playing along. Mainly because my cock felt like it weighed about a thousand pounds.

“Wood smoke and cold air, then.” She



reached under the high-top and ran her hand roughly down the length of my cock.

“Is all this anticipation killing you?” she asked.

I nodded. “Pretty much.”

“Me, too. How about you meet me out back for my break.”

“When's your break?”

“Ten minutes. You know my truck?”

“The big silver one,” I said. It wasn't a question. Of course, I knew her truck.

“Meet me there in 10.”

Then she squeezed my dick, and I had to focus on not making a high-pitched noise. I'd been waiting for this moment for so long I could hardly stand it.

Those 10 minutes took roughly 15 years. When it was time, I stood and went out the back door, heading straight for her truck. She was standing behind it smoking a cigarette. Her smile grew when she saw me. There were very few lights out back and just enough of a glow for me to see her face.

“Want to get in?”

“You or the truck?”

“Yes?” She laughed and dropped the cigarette.

There was time later for a date and dinner and a movie. Apparently, both of us had it in mind to start with dessert.

She opened the door of the cab and climbed in the backseat then laid across a nest of blankets, beckoning me to join her. I could just about make out her form in the dim light, but I liked what I saw.

“I never did clear the blankets out from winter,” she said. “I carry them just in case. Lucky me, I forgot.”

I kissed her then. Her mouth was soft and warm and tasted like cigarettes and sweet soda. I nestled between her legs as she wrapped her arms around me. We were belly-to-belly, groin-to-groin, mouth-to-mouth. She arched up against me, pressing her pussy against my erection.

“Take your pants off,” she whispered.

“Take my pants off.”

I did as I was told, shucking my jeans and then tugging her tight ones down over her hips and her legs as she kicked

off her heels. I was grateful for the small feathers of light that came through the windows so I could see her tan thighs and her pretty face.

I didn't say anything after that. I just buried my face between her legs. I found her clit, swollen and rigid, and worked it with my tongue until she was writhing wildly. She vacillated between holding my head in place and trying to push me away. I kept at her clit, knowing she'd tell me to stop if she became too sensitive. She bucked beneath me, raising her hips to slam her mound against my lips and teeth as I rapidly swirled my tongue around her button. When she came, she practically ripped a chunk of my hair out. I loved it, growling as I continued to lap at her through her climax. When the pleasure had decimated her, I sat up and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand.

She quickly changed position and swallowed down my dick before I could even comprehend what she was doing. Her lips were warm and soft sliding down my shaft, her tongue a talented, twirling entity all its own. She sucked and licked and lapped at me until I hovered right on the razor's edge of coming.

I took her face in my hands and pushed her away, backing onto the blankets once more. I shoved her knees high, wishing for more light as I studied her swollen pussy. I wished I could see the reds and the pinks and then her glistening wetness, but I'd have to settle for feeling it.

I nudged her slit with my cock, and she groaned, hooking her hands around me and pulling me into her with a startlingly swift motion.

"It took us forever to get here. For fuck's sake, don't tease me."

I nodded and started to fuck her in earnest, using deep, even strokes. It was like sliding into damp, hot velvet. Her pussy worked me, squeezing and clenching me as I drove into her. I

brought my lips to hers, and she kissed me back—deep and desperate.

"More," she said, bucking her hips up to meet me.

"Fuck," I said.

"Yes, exactly. Harder, harder, right there."

I could feel her growing tighter and tighter around me, and I wanted her to come—but I also wanted to keep fucking her.

"There. Yes. There..." And then she cried out so loud I automatically put my hand over her mouth. She went from wet to a fucking river, and I had to bite my tongue not to come right then and there.

I pulled out and flipped her onto her belly. I hiked her hips up and drove back into her, holding her tight and thrusting into her deep and fast.

"I'm going to come again," she whispered.

Her words sent a jolt of pleasure down through the core of me. When

her trim body shivered and she let out another cry, I went with her. My orgasm washed over me in a giant wave of bliss, leaving me happily limp and exhausted.

Honey turned in my arms, kissed me fast and sat up. "I have to get back. Coming in for another beer?"

I nodded dumbly.

"And then after my shift maybe we can try that again—and not hurry this time."

I pulled her in for a kiss. "I'm there."

—P.S., Sarasota, Florida

We always say it's better to be chased than chaste. If you've had an experience that will turn on fellow readers and inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own, tell us about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





GYM DANDY

LOST IN LUST, ANGELINA AND MIA DON'T NEED FANCY EQUIPMENT TO WORK UP A SWEAT.





“MIA IS MY FAVORITE—AND
SEXIEST—WORKOUT PARTNER!”
—ANGELINA











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CHERRY-PICKING

A savvy shopkeeper sees the erotic possibilities in her wares—and reaps a red-hot reward.

By Rita Winchester

“I want that for us,” I whispered in Jackson’s ear.
“What? That iron thing?”
“Yeah. I want that for us.”
“It’s been painted!” He leaned his arm against the small of my back, and the sensation went right to my pussy. A warm molten heat rose deep inside me. “It’s in awful condition.”

“Not for the shop,” I said. “For us.”

The look on his face told me he didn’t quite follow, but my man hardly ever questioned me. He liked me happy and knew if I wanted something there was a damn good reason.

“I’ll make him an offer for the lot,” he said softly. “We’ll get what we want to sell, keep that atrocity you’re interested in for some reason, and ditch the rest.”

“Deal. Think he’ll take it?”

“It’s more than fair. If he says no, I’ll say never mind—then he’ll come around.”

I sighed. The thought of not getting the wrought-iron headboard made me sad, but I knew he was doing the right thing.

“You think that’ll work?”

“It will. He just wants to unload this stuff so he can sell his dad’s house and be done with it.”

Most people clearing out a home in an estate sale offer us bulk lots of items for our antique store. Some of it good, some of it bad, some of it mediocre, and a lot of it laughable. But Jackson and I take pride in the fact that our wares are fun and eclectic. We offer everything from classic Pyrex dishes to relics crafted by unheard of local artists.

Jackson’s hand traced swirls and whirls at the small of my back, and I had to bite my tongue. No matter how many times he touched me that way, I got horny. It was like flipping a switch, and the beautiful part is he

really didn’t know. He touched me instinctively, and I reacted viscerally. It’s why we’re good together.

The man pulled the last box out of the back of his truck and brought it over to us. There was some nice carnival glass and what looked like an old-fashioned breadbox. I hadn’t seen one of those in years.

“This is the last of it.” He scratched his head and put his cap back on. I smiled at him. Jackson was right. This guy wanted to get rid of this stuff so he could move

**“I’D HAVE PAID A
MILLION DOLLARS
TO TOUCH MY
CLIT. I ACHED
WITH THE NEED TO
COME.”**

on with his life and be done with it all.

“Be generous,” I mumbled to Jackson. Because I was feeling generous. Horny always made my mood better.

Jackson gave the guy a price, and he looked surprise. For just a moment, I worried we’d insulted him. But then I realized Jackson had offered him more than he’d anticipated.

“I can help you take this all in,” he offered.

“No need. Our staff will do it as we sort everything,” Jackson said. He shook the man’s hand and smiled. “Pleasure doing business with you.”

As the man drove off, our employees

Alex and Mike came out, and Jackson waved a finger at the lot. “Take it all down to be inventoried, please. Except for that.” He pointed to the headboard. “Take that up to our apartment. Delilah wants it.”

I watched them exchange a confused glance and had to bite the inside of my lip to keep from laughing. They picked up the horribly painted headboard and hauled the heavy thing up the narrow steps to the apartment we had above the store. We lived above our love child—our dream shop.

“You know those two are wondering why the fuck you want that monstrosity,” Jackson said, kissing my neck and making me shiver.

“Aren’t you?” I slipped my hand beneath his tee and rubbed his belly. It was a pleasant summer day, and his skin was warm beneath my palm.

Jackson pulled me in abruptly, and I let out a little squeal. He planted a kiss on my mouth and slipped his tongue past my lips. Then he kissed a hot line down my neck to my collarbone. “Knowing you, Del, it’s a little of dirty.” He squeezed me. “Or a lot dirty.”

I smothered a laugh against his shoulder. “I’ll tell you soon enough.”

I left him with the boys to sort through the stuff the man had left. I went upstairs to clean the headboard Mike and Alex had propped against the bedroom wall. I made sure it was spick-and-span before stepping back to admire it. That’s the best part of running a store like ours. Cherry-picking items as they come in.

I lost all track of time after that. I took a shower. I made a snack. I read through our mail and also found the small price tags I was sure I’d accidentally thrown away. Jackson came up at six when the store closed and took off his clothes. “I’m



filthy. That stuff from the old man's house had half an inch of dust on it."

Jackson let out a few hearty sneezes and then shoved his dirty, dusty clothes into the hamper. I followed him as he walked naked down the hallway. I knew he was tired so I wouldn't even bring up playing with the headboard today.

I sat on the edge of the tub as he showered and told me all about the hidden treasures in those boxes I hadn't

seen, the most impressive being a dagger from World War II.

Jackson stuck his head out of the shower, shampoo foam creating a faux mohawk that made me laugh. "Now tell me. Why'd you want that headboard?"

"No reason." I shrugged. He wasn't buying it. He shook his head, flinging foam at me. I batted it away.

"No. What is it? I know it's not because it's pretty. Some dumbass

painted it barf pink. Probably decades ago."

"It's ornate," I said. I bit my lip to keep my mouth shut, but it was proving hard. I love Jackson, and I tell him everything. Keeping something from him, even because I think he's tired and hungry, is hard.

"And...?" He ducked his head back in and rinsed.

"And we'll use it for...something."

EROTICA

"Not our bed!" he yelped with fake concern, and I found myself laughing along with him.

"Nope. Our sex."

"I knew it was a sex thing." He poked his head back out again.

I stood up and brought my lips to his. He deepened our kiss and wrapped a wet arm around me.

"Hey," I said a little breathlessly. "What was that?"

"That was for you."

"I thought you'd be hungry," I said. My

pulse now echoed between my thighs.

"I am hungry." He waggled his eyebrows at me.

"For what?" I asked, meaning dinner.

"That pussy of yours," he growled and cut the water. He stepped out of the tub and came at me soaking wet, his cock already hard.

I let out a shriek and ran through the apartment. I bypassed the bedroom and headed for the living room. No idea why—that's just what my brain told me to do. It did flit through my mind to hope Mike and

Alex were actually gone for the day—or they'd get an earful. The farmhouse that held our business and our home was old, creaky, not well insulated and not soundproof at all.

Jackson took me down by the sofa. He managed to snag me around the waist, hoist me up off the floor and drop me on our well-worn leather couch. He'd turned me onto my back before I could process anything but the harsh sound of his breath. My pussy was so wet beneath my jeans I could barely stand it.

Jackson peeled the pants off me in no time flat. He pressed his bare, wet body against me. His tongue slipped over mine as he kissed me before flicking down the length of my neck.

Goose bumps sprang up along my skin, and my nipples pebbled beneath my damp tee. I groaned with helpless abandon.

"Oh, is someone turned on?" Jackson asked, teasing me. He pinched my right nipple between his fingers, pressing harder and harder until I hissed from the pain which was swiftly chased by a jolt of pleasure. He repeated the action with the other nipple until I wriggled beneath him.

"Yes!" I blurted. "Yes, I'm turned on. Very turned on."

"How turned on?" His voice dropped, and he pushed two fingers inside my cunt. He curled his fingers deep inside me and brushed my G-spot. My wetness grew even more intense. I could feel my own juices slickening the tops of my thighs.

Heat flooded my cheeks, and I whispered, "Very turned on."

Jackson curled his fingers again, and a warm, pleasant pressure filled my pelvis. "How turned on?" he asked.

He lowered his head and licked my clit, still moving his fingers in a hypnotic rhythm. I gasped, raising my hips. Jackson only allowed that for a second before forcing me down and pinning me to the couch with his muscular forearm.

"Tell me," he demanded. He trained his



gaze on me and let his tongue hover just above my clit but not touching it.

"Very much," I babbled. "Very, very much..."

Jackson took pity and put his mouth back on me. Swirling, whirling, licking, dragging. He sucked and nudged and nipped, all the while thrusting his fingers deep in my cunt until the pleasure grew to an unmanageable level, and I came with a sob.

My juices drenched his hand, and he growled with excitement.

"Goddamn. When you gush like that—"

That was as far as he got because he pushed me back and moved between my thighs. He worked his cock into me so slowly I started to beg.

"Shh," he said. "Patience is a virtue."

"I'm the least patient person in the world."

"I know—and you're the least virtuous, too." He laughed at his own joke. "I'm going to fuck you slowly, and then if you behave I'll fuck you quickly, and then you're going to tell me what that monstrosity is for."

I forced myself to behave as he inched into me, his cock stretching my pussy slowly. He forced himself into me with a series of short thrusts that rocked me every time. I came fast, holding his shoulders for dear life as my orgasm hit me like a cotton-wrapped fist.

Jackson smiled at me. "There's my girl. That's how I like it. You behaved."

I nodded. Every thought and word and response I could have possibly come up with had fled my mind. I was too busy trying to catch my breath.

He flipped me onto my belly so quickly I cried out with surprise. He settled his bulk over me, pushed his cock back into my cunt with great ease, and leaned down to whisper in my ear, "Now I'll fuck you fast."

I moaned as he began to piston in and out of me, his fingers smoothing down my flanks, tickling my ass cheeks and dancing up the ladder of my spine. His



"HE PUSHED HIS COCK INTO MY CUNT AND STAYED PERFECTLY STILL, STARING INTO MY FACE."

lips brushed my shoulders and my nape as he stayed close, pounding me with fast, hard strokes.

"You want to come again, don't you?"

I could only nod.

"I'll let you touch yourself in a moment. For now, you won't. You'll let me get close and then we'll come together." He splayed a big hand across my lower back, pinning me tight to the sofa.

I nodded along with his plan, his words, the lulling cadence of his voice. He could have told me to try and

take flight, and God help me, I'd have flapped my arms and given it a shot. I'd do anything for Jackson. And he'd do anything for me.

My cunt gripped him tight, and every time his cock brushed my G-spot my pleasure ratcheted up. I was reaching a pinnacle when he finally loosened his grip and said, "Touch yourself, Del. Come with me."

The gruffness in his voice made it clear he was getting close—fast. Hearing that desperate tone of his really torqued up my excitement. I brought my hand between my thighs and stroked—hard, steady revolutions against my clit.

Jackson's gripping fingers bit into my skin. "Now, Del, now," he ground out.

I came just as he did, my pussy clenching tight around him. Tight enough that I felt the rush of his hot wetness mingling with mine. I pushed my head against the cushion and tried to draw a deep breath.

He dropped down next to me and dragged a single fingertip down my sweaty back. "Okay, lady, now tell me what you envisioned when you saw that

EROTICA



ugly-ass piece of furniture.”

So I did.

The following day was a Tuesday, and on Tuesdays we closed at three. I was thrilled beyond measure that it was an early day. We had limited staff on Tuesdays, usually just me and Jackson and one other employee, but sometimes we only had me and Jackson. This was one of those days.

We had lunch brought in from the Greek place up the road and ate together at the front counter. We had exactly three customers between noon and two o'clock. I found myself fidgeting on my high-backed stool. My pussy thumped in time with my heart just thinking about what I'd told him earlier.

Jackson put his hand on my knee and squeezed. The clock ticked loudly, and I gave a sigh that made me sound like I was deflating.

“You okay?”

“Frustrated.”

“Because you want that good-good sex?”

I snorted with laughter. “Yes, I do.”

He stood and pulled me to my feet.

“Put the ‘Closed’ sign up. We’re shutting

**“HE LICKED MY
NECK AND THEN
BIT ME. I FELT MY
CUNT CLENCH,
DESPERATE TO
BE FILLED.”**

down early. I’ve decided.”

My heart leapt, and my body contracted with anticipation. I ran to the door and flipped the sign.

He grabbed my arm and hauled me along behind him, his fingers biting into my bicep as I hustled to keep up with his long-legged stride.

“Inside with you,” he said roughly. He gave me a shove through the doorway of our apartment, and I nearly stumbled. My heart pounded hard and fast, and inside my panties I’d created a slick of moisture.

Once we were inside, he leveled a

finger at me. “Take your clothes off. Don’t even think about arguing.”

As if I would.

I hurriedly pulled off my clothes, and before I could do anything else, Jackson lifted me up and carted me to the bedroom like a sack of laundry. He set me down so I was standing before the ugly headboard—which was still propped against the wall—and fetched to take two belts from the closet. We’d played with them before, but that didn’t break the spell of the moment. Long ago, he’d punched extra holes in the leather with an awl, making them perfect bedroom accessories. He leaned me forward slightly and bound my wrists to the weighty headboard using each strip of leather.

“Legs wide, ass out. Do it,” he barked.

I whimpered, but the tail end of it became a sigh. I did as instructed, and he came in close behind me, running his rough palm over my ass cheek. He breathed against the back of my neck and snarled, “You make me buy this piece of junk and think I’ll forgive that? You’ve been a bad girl, Del. You’re going to pay for saddling us with this hunk of garbage.” His hand came down fast and hard—several strikes in quick succession with no pause in between.

Every biting sting rocked me. Every blow made my heart pound. “Ow, ow—” I said reflexively as my body tried to bow away from him. I couldn’t, though, since I was tethered to the oversized antique headboard, which was so heavy no amount of flailing and squirming on my part would’ve made it move an inch.

“Don’t tell me no,” he breathed in my ear. He grabbed my hips and straightened my stance, then proceeded to spank the merry hell out of the other ass cheek. I flinched and danced, but I never muttered the word “halt” so he just kept at me.

When he pulled his hand away, I breathed a sigh of relief. I arched my back, my pulse pounding so heavy in my

ass cheeks I swore I could hear it.

He shoved two fingers inside me, and they made wet noises as they slid in and out of me. "Someone's a pain slut. Someone liked that. Was it you, bad girl?"

I nodded, making soft noises of agreement.

"Say it," he barked.

"Yes. I liked that. I'm a pain slut. I'm a bad girl!"

He undid the belts and pointed down. "On your knees."

I dropped like a stone, and he refastened my bonds, attaching my arms to the metal once more. He stripped out of his pants before pulling his cock out and fisting it a few times. The tip was glistening with pre-come, and he traced his dickhead across my lower lip. I darted out my tongue, craving a taste of his saltiness. I sucked him into my mouth when he pushed against my lips. I sighed, and he shoved his dick in farther. Jackson held my head and thrust into my mouth, taking it as he wanted. I breathed deeply through my nose and sucked and licked as he drove past my lips.

I'd have paid a million dollars to touch my clit. I ached with the need to come, and my ass was hot and tender. Every pound of my heart was palpable in my bottom.

"Please, please, please..." I mumbled around his cock.

Jackson growled like an animal.

Pulling free of my mouth, he unbuckled my restraints again. This time he spread me out on the floor and tethered my wrists together at the bottom rail of the headboard. Then he settled his big body on top of mine and spread my legs wide. He played his cock along my clit, and I mewled. He dipped the tip inside me, and I wriggled. He pushed his cockhead into my cunt and stayed perfectly still, staring down into my face.

I tried to be calm. I tried to be patient.

Finally, I writhed beneath him and said, "Please!"

He licked my neck and then bit me hard. I felt my cunt clench, desperate to be filled. He licked my collarbone and then bit it. I cried out, begging mindlessly.

Jackson caved. He was never good at resisting me. He thrust into me hard and shoved his big hands beneath my ass. The feel of his fingertips pressing my tender flesh made me tear up. He pinched my abused skin and chuckled darkly, making me whimper.

"Come with me, my little slut. Come with me."

I was nodding dumbly. Nodding with every thrust. Nodding every time his


cock hit the most perfect place inside me. The pressure built and built and built until I was nearly weeping. He stared down into my face and pinched my ass one more time.

I cried out and came, my pussy gripping him tight with every spasm.

"Fuck," he growled against my shoulder and then he climaxed, too. I felt a warm rush as he emptied into me. And then he released me from my bondage.

"So was it worth this horrible thing being in our home?" I asked, and he smiled widely. "What if I paint it black?" I murmured, laughing. "Or silver."

He winked. "Maybe. But only until you discover the next thing you need. Deal?"

"Deal." 





LETTER OF THE MONTH

WANDERLUST

A young man with adventure on his mind hits the highway—and the jackpot!

All my life, I've enjoyed traveling solo, and every once in a while, I'd have a serendipitous sexual encounter. I didn't plan to have any adventures on my last lengthy road trip, but I did manage to meet two incredible ladies whose memory I'll forever cherish—one of whom changed my life forever.

Before my last vacation, I'd purchased and restored a 1965 Mustang convertible, cherry red. I considered where to drive it when I thought of Route 66. If you're old enough, you remember the song. If you're of a literary bent, you know it's featured in John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*; he referred to it as "The Mother Road." It runs from Chicago right up to the ocean in Santa Monica, California and became well known as the westward route during the Dust Bowl years. Today it exists only in bits and patches, made up of many roads. But some enthusiasts have created guides that make it easy to follow the original path in its entirety.

I live in Chicago, so figured it would be ideal for my latest trek. I would eat in no chain restaurants, stay in no chain motels, and hopefully see the "real" America. When driving across the country on an Interstate you often see nothing unless you get off at an exit. On the old Route 66, you'd go through town after town, hamlet after hamlet, village after village. It's slow, but it's a lot more interesting.

The wanderlust inspired by the road less traveled has its appeal for sure, but this trip had lustful delights beyond wandering. I left from Grant Park and headed through Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. Then I hit the Texas panhandle, which is a whole lot of nothing. But I was having a good time, taking pictures of old roadside

attractions, abandoned gas stations, mom-and-pop diners, etc.

The only major city along that stretch is Amarillo. My adventure did not occur there, however, but in a little town before it that isn't even on most maps. The experience was like stepping back into a different time. The town was basically just a crossroads, with a gas station, a diner, a hardware store and a post office. I assumed most people in the area were ranchers or farmers, judging by the

**"I LINED UP MY
COCK WITH HER
PUSSY AND
JAMMED MYSELF
INSIDE HER
SLIPPERY SLIT."**

mud-splattered pickup trucks parked along the main street. It was getting near sundown. I was hungry and figured I'd get something to eat there and try to make it to Amarillo by nightfall.

I walked into the diner, which was like a movie set. There were a few booths and six stools lining the counter. Baked goods were on display under clear plastic covers. There were specials advertised on the wall, including meatloaf and beef stew. I took a seat on a stool, thinking meatloaf sounded good. I didn't see the waitress until I noticed she was sitting in a booth, reading a battered paperback copy of *Jaws*. She glanced up and saw me, flashed a smile and came

around the counter. My heart stopped.

She was fair-skinned with an interesting face. Her jaw was prominent, and when she smiled she showed off an adorable gap-toothed grin. Her hair was dyed fuchsia, though her roots were starting to show, but she didn't appear unkempt. In fact, she seemed rather stylish and exuded a comfortable and confident air. She was definitely someone I wanted to get to know better.

"Howdy," she twanged before taking my order. She wore one of those classic pink waitress uniforms, like the actresses in that old show *Alice*, only hers barely contained a pair of lusciously large tits. Her nametag read Ashley, and as I waited for my food I recalled the Ashleys I'd bedded. I was up to five when the only other customers in the place—an elderly couple—paid their check, said good-bye to Ashley and ambled out.

"We close at six, but I don't want to rush you," she told me with a friendly smile. She took her time heading over to the front door before flipping the sign there from "Open" to "Closed" and heading back behind the counter.

"Everyone else is gone, but I'll hang here with you." Though she quickly added, "But I don't want to bug if you want peace and quiet. It's just I always like chatting with visitors. Do you mind?"

Did I mind talking to a beautiful young woman? "Of course not," I answered honestly.

So as I ate my meatloaf with gravy, cornbread and green beans, I told her about my road trip.

"Chicago?" she said. "I've always wanted to go there. It's on my list."

Ashley told me she was 22 and had been born in that town, but had big plans for her future and was saving her money for grad school in a city like Chicago.



LETTER OF THE MONTH



"I do really like working here, though. It's not super busy, and it's fun talking to people who pass through town."

I asked her if I could have dessert and offered to treat her, as well. She smiled again, and I loved that gap in her teeth. She looked sweet and sexy all at the same time.

Ashely got us each a piece of sweet potato pie, and I asked her if she had ever thought about being a model. "You're tall, and you've got a great look."

"Nah, that's not my thing," she said, taking a bite of her dessert. "Besides, I'm not interested in starving myself. I really like pie." She flashed me that adorable smile once more and scooped up another forkful.

I finished up, settled the check and left the diner. A few minutes later she came out, locking the door behind her. She saw me sitting in my Mustang and came over.

"Cool car," she said approvingly. "Listen, you don't know me from Eve, but could I have a ride? My girlfriend usually picks me up, but she can't make it."

She had a look in her eye that suggested this might be the ride of a lifetime, so I pushed open the passenger door. She climbed in and

"I CLUTCHED HER SHAPELY HIPS AND DROVE MY DICK IN AND OUT OF HER SYRUPY DEPTHS."

settled back, while I peeled out of the gravel parking lot.

Ashley directed me down some country roads, and I paid careful attention so I'd remember how to get back later. I passed a whole lot of nothing while she chatted about something or other. I wasn't hearing all of her words; my attention was elsewhere: Her little skirt had ridden so high up her thighs her underwear was exposed. She caught me looking and slipped a hand down her panties before uttering a fake moan.

She laughed when she noticed my cock responded, my erection now a

noticeable bulge in my jeans.

"You're really hot for an older guy," she said, licking her lips.

I barely had time to feel flattered because she leaned over, unzipped my fly and took out my dick. I tensed up, but I realized there were no other cars on the road. "Make a left at the crossroads," she said, before adding, "Want some road head?"

I nodded, unable to speak. She rubbed my cock against her lips and cheek. "It's a big one," she said, before licking up and down the shaft. Then she took me between her lips and began to suck me. I did my best to keep my eyes on the road and both hands on the wheel. She gripped my balls, which she'd also brought out in the open, and looked up to say, "Make a right after the barn."

Before long we were at the entrance to a mobile-home park. Ashley tucked my cock back in and sat up. I didn't expect anything more from her, but when she invited me inside, my heart and cock both did a little dance. I don't remember much of the first room, other than a large poster of Marilyn Monroe, because she took me by the hand and led me straight to the bedroom.

Ashley sat back on the bed and pulled off her white tennis shoes. She flexed her toes and then parted her bent legs. She pulled aside her panties and began fingering herself. "Let me see that cock again," she demanded. I pulled off my pants and underwear in record time. She shed her panties and took off her blouse and bra, letting those beautiful melons free. Then she got up on her knees to resume sucking my cock.

I stood there by the bed, immobile and amazed at the talent of this young woman. When I was ready to bust, she pulled away and asked, "Would you like to fuck me?" Again, I only could nod. She swung around so she was on all fours. I lined up my cock with her dripping pussy and jammed myself inside her slippery slit. She was absolutely soaked, and she

took me to the root with one thrust.

Stroking her back and hips, I slowly rocked in and out of her welcoming body. Her velvety pussy felt so good around my shaft. As my pleasure grew, so did my impatience and I picked up the pace. The faster and harder I pounded her, the more animated she became, moaning loudly and repeatedly slamming her body back to meet me. I clutched her shapely hips and drove my dick in and out of her syrupy depths while her cries grew louder and more desperate. Her arousal had reached a fever pitch, and it seemed as if she was on the verge of orgasm. I wanted to take her over the edge, so I snuck a hand beneath her to finger her clit while my cock jetted in and out. I felt her pussy tighten around my shaft before she began bucking wildly and shouting out her pleasure. The climactic spasms of her cunt massaged my cock so perfectly I was nearly swept away with her, but I managed to hold on—just barely.

Once she caught her breath, she pulled away to recline on her back. She parted her thighs in invitation, and I mounted her, once more plunging into her sloppy snatch. She was so very soaked and relaxed, and I was able to pound her as furiously as I needed. I felt out of my mind with lust as she wrapped her legs around me and murmured filthy encouragements in my ear.

Ashley's dirty words faded into a series of wordless, musical sighs. Her velvety cunt clutched my pistoning shaft in mesmerizing spasms of bliss. I knew I wasn't going to last much longer and told her so.

"Come in my mouth," she insisted, pulling away and repositioning herself. She sat up and squeezed my balls with one hand while she yanked my cock with the other. A fountain of jism shot from my shaft into her open mouth, with some dripping down her chin. She laughed and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Thanks—that was fun, but my



boyfriend will be here in about 15 minutes, so you'd better hit the road."

Boyfriend? In Texas, an open-carry state? I heeded her advice, pulling on my pants before giving her a kiss and hopping into my car.

Happy with my narrow escape and my serendipitous taste of pussy, I drove across New Mexico in the following days with a smile on my face. In Winslow, Arizona, I stopped at Standin' on the

Corner Park, commemorating the Eagles' song "Take It Easy," and a day later I was wading in the surf of the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica. I had made the entire trip but had no idea sexual lightning was about to strike twice.

My plan was to stick around L.A. for a bit before driving back along the Interstate, which would still take three long days. I stayed close to the beach, and one night walked into a dive bar in

LETTER OF THE MONTH



Venice Beach, longing for a cold beer after a day of swimming and sunning on the sand. It was there I first saw Bella, and my life may never be the same.

She was sitting at a table by herself. Classically beautiful—with strawberry-blonde hair, chocolate-brown eyes and alabaster skin—she looked perfect in the dim light of the tavern. Nothing about her posture suggested she'd be receptive to a come-on, but I took a chance and said hello.

She looked up at me annoyed, but when we made eye contact something about me must've pleased her, because she flashed a perfect toothpaste-commercial smile.

"Can I buy you a drink?"

She paused only a second before accepting my offer and introducing herself. We spent a long afternoon discussing our favorite books and music. We were really connecting.

The two of us adjourned to the tavern's outdoor seating area and watched the

**"I WAS ABLE TO
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WITH LUST!"**

sunset. We had talked for hours, and I felt like I'd known her all my life. One of the key facts she gave me was that she was between boyfriends. My relationships never last more than a few weeks, so I'm always between them. It seemed only natural that she invited me to have a nightcap at her place, a little bungalow within walking distance of the beach.

It didn't bother me that our nightcap

turned out to be figurative. She had pulled out a bottle of wine, but before she'd poured a drop we were exploring each other's mouths with our tongues. I don't think it could be defined as kissing, since lips were only tangentially involved. She had a stud in her tongue; I'd always thought those were stupid, but I have to admit it made kissing much more interesting. My cock was hard, and she grabbed hold of it through my pants, making my erection instantly spring to full mast. She broke our lip-lock to take off her shirt and bra, revealing full breasts topped with baby-pink nipples. The tiny nubs looked so delicate they almost seemed airbrushed on, but my fingers and lips discovered they were very real and very hard.

Bella laid me back on the sofa and unfastened my pants. I helped her worked them off, and they ended up across the room. She started sucking my cock lovingly, as if we had all the time in the world. She even dipped down to spend time licking my balls, which I absolutely loved.

When she needed a bit of a break, she repositioned herself on the couch on all fours. I removed the rest of my clothing and pulled her panties down, leaving her skirt bunched around her waist. I parked my nose in the crack of her ass and dined on her succulent slit. I love eating pussy, and Bella's was delicious. She appeared to enjoy what I was doing because she was making small, soft moans of pleasure. She was not a screamer or a yeller, but she uttered beautiful little gusts of excitement that I can still hear even to this day.

When my cock couldn't wait another second, I positioned myself behind her and slowly slid my erection inside. I bucked in and out of her, fucking her at an easy pace that stoked our lust. I especially loved doing her in that position because it left me admiring her awesome ass, which was among

her best features.

Bella began rocking back against me, taking control of our pace and increasing the speed. I wrapped one arm around her waist to anchor her, and then used the fingers of my free hand to stimulate her clit. She rammed against me harder, wanting more and more of what I had to give. I did my best to meet her body's demands and felt a delirious sense of accomplishment when her orgasm hit and her body shivered beneath me. She only uttered a soft exclamation of joy, but I could feel the orgasmic energy flowing through her slender form.

Bella caught her breath and climbed on top of me, impaling herself on my unflagging erection. As she undulated above me, her tempting breasts hung before my face, and I struggled to lick her nipples as they passed by my mouth. It was like a sexy carnival game—one I never wanted to stop playing.

Bella told me she wanted to taste my cream, so we switched positions again. I sat back against the pillows while she crawled between my spread legs to take my glistening cock in her mouth. She sucked her sweet juices off my shaft and played with my balls until I was bubbling over with satisfaction. I jetted into her mouth, and she moaned as she swallowed down my load.

To my amazement, my erection did not falter. Bella was pleasantly surprised by that development and led me by my cock into her bedroom.

"Would you like to fuck my ass?" she whispered. Well, that's not a usual thing for a first date, but my cock bobbed up and down affirmatively. We started with her on her hands and knees, as we had been before, only this time my cock was in her snug backdoor. After a while she got on top, sliding up and down on me. I enjoyed watching her asshole enveloping my manhood with each downward thrust.

When I told Bella I was close to coming, she picked up her pace. She slammed her ass down on me like a wild woman, grinding and writhing until she worked every last drop of cream out of my exhausted body. That was the first time in my life that I'd ever felt as if an orgasm has completely decimated me. It was a thrilled experience.

I stayed the night with Bella and ended up extending my stay longer

than I'd planned. From the beginning we could both tell this relationship was special, and after a couple months, I moved west and we've been together ever since.

No more Chicago winters for me—and no more cruising Route 66. I've found the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.

—M.S., via email





SEX PET

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SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

BEHIND DOOR NUMBER THREE

When a seductive new neighbor moves into the apartment down the hall, Brian and Stefanie can't keep their fantasies—or their hands—to themselves.

By Stefanie Miller

Have you seen the hottie who moved in down the hall?" I asked Brian.

He had his head under the hood of his shiny black pickup, but I knew he could hear me. We were out behind our building—where there's plenty of space for Brian to tinker on his truck and me to sunbathe. I had on my favorite scarlet bikini, one adorned with white polka dots and silver stars. I rolled over, applied a bit of oil to my stomach and continued, "You can't have missed her."

"You're the hottie," he said, like an attentive boyfriend should. "I'll bet all the neighbors are watching you right now from their windows," he remarked, reminding me that although we may have felt as if we were alone, we weren't in a private area. Anybody could be looking out at me from above. I didn't mind. I work out regularly to keep my body in top physical shape. That's why I had no problem tossing out compliments where compliments were due. The new girl was definitely due her share.

"She's got hair past her shoulders," I said, "and big beautiful eyes. And her body—oh, man, her body..." Trailing off verbally, I used my oily hands to draw a picture in the air. Curves in all the right places. Curves that could make someone want to do wrong.

Brian leaned against the side of his truck, obviously ready to take a break. He'd been working on his engine all morning, doing things with the carburetor or whosie-what's-it. I don't know cars. I know people. And I had seen the way the smokin' vixen had looked at me when she'd entered the building. I had clocked the glances she gave me each time we passed each other in the foyer. She wanted me. I wanted her. But even more

importantly, I wanted Brian to be part of the equation.

"What color hair?" he asked, one eyebrow cocked.

"She's a brunette," I said, immediately thinking she was so much more than that. She was the sexiest brunette in the building. There was no way he hadn't spied her. "Apartment number three," I added, in case that helped.

He didn't quite blush. That's not my man's style. But he gave me a look that told me he had noticed our new

**"SHE WAS ON HER
HANDS AND KNEES,
AND MY
BOYFRIEND WAS
PLOWING HER
PUSSY."**

neighbor. Even as descriptive as I'd been, I hadn't done her justice. The girl wore clothes like nobody's business. Whether she was dressed in workout gear—like the tight, stretchy neon she favored on her casual days—or more professional attire, she cut a figure that starred in all of my daydreams.

"Let's have her over," I said, as he spun one of his wrenches absentmindedly in his hand.

"For dinner?" Brian asked.

"To dine on," I countered. I could tell from the way Brian exhaled he was down with that idea. He wiped his brow and told me he was heading in for a shower,

but I had his blessing if I wanted to make my dirty fantasy come true.

"If nothing else, we'll get to know our new neighbor," I said.

"I'm betting I'll be licking her cream off your lips by the evening's end," Brian told me. "I've got faith in your persuasive abilities."

The concept of being part of a ménage à trois had ignited my fantasies for years. I couldn't put a finger on why the thought turned me on so greatly. No, that's not quite true. There were too many reasons why I craved a threesome. I couldn't count the reasons on my fingers alone. I needed additional body parts—toes, tits and tongue, even. What I wanted was to be bookended between two lovers, to have limbs overlapping, to lose myself in the decadent experience of total hedonistic bliss. I wanted Brian in me from behind while I danced circles with my tongue over a woman's swollen clitoris. I wanted the room to reverberate with the sound of our carnal cries.

Mind racing through erotic snapshots, I went into our apartment and slipped a bright red satin wrap over my bikini. I did a quick fix of my hair and slicked on some raspberry lip gloss before heading down the hall. There weren't exactly butterflies in my stomach as I made my way to apartment number three. I felt flutters, all right. But they were happening elsewhere. My pussy felt alive in a whole new way, as if tiny electric charges were going off inside me. I was very aware of how turned on I was, and I hadn't even knocked on our new neighbor's door—so to speak. Everything had become a double entendre in my dirty world.

To my chagrin, she didn't appear to be home. I was crestfallen. I'd gotten Brian—and myself—all heated up with

my racy idea. I had dolled myself up in my slutty finery. And our new resident bombshell was out. We'd have to wait for another day, I decided dejectedly. I turned to head to our apartment, and that's precisely when I heard the door swing open.

"No, wait! Don't leave," a voice said to my back.

I spun around as my dream girl began to sputter, "I was just...I mean...I was..."

What she was doing was standing before me in a tiny pale lavender robe. Her cheeks were flushed the same hue as strawberry sorbet. I saw through her apartment that the balcony door was open and the curtains were tied back. From her place, she would have had the perfect view of Brian working on his truck and me in my bikini sunbathing next to him.

"I was just," she stammered again. And I thought I understood. She'd been watching us, and she'd been playing with herself!

I came forward. She stepped back automatically, as if we were engaged in some type of dance or mating ritual. Now I was in her apartment. On a whim—going against every social moray ever invented—I grabbed her hand and sniffed her fingertips. She uttered a shocked "Oh!" as I let out a delirious "Mmm." Yes, the girl had been touching her pussy. And what a pussy. The scent was heavenly. Since we'd clearly broken down all sorts of boundaries in a matter of minutes, I went further. I brought her hand to my mouth and licked her fingers clean one by one, savoring the scent of her, learning her taste. She appeared both rapturous and scandalized. I decided this was a good look for her.

When I released her hand, I said, "Tell me what you've been doing."

"I don't even..."

"Know who I am?" I completed her query, batting my eyelashes. "I'm forward. Well, that's not my name. That's just how I behave. My name is Stefanie, and



I believe you and I have been checking one another out for several weeks. Ever since you first moved in."

Her flush deepened. The color made her face look even lovelier, like a flower at full bloom. I couldn't help myself. I kissed her full on the lips, and then bit her bottom lip until she let out a squeal that quickly melted into a happy sigh of pleasure. This was going to be sizzling. I could feel it.

"What's your name?" I asked, because she seemed to have forgotten it was her turn for introductions. "I need to know so I can be sure to shout it out when I'm coming."

I wasn't behaving properly, and we both knew it. But she hadn't been either, standing on that balcony, masturbating. Still, she managed to look both shocked and aroused at my words as she said, "I'm Beth." But her eyes grew sly as she added in a lower, huskier voice,

"And I'd most definitely like that."

I started kissing her fingertips again. She seemed shaky—as if she might fall down, as if her knees could give out and she'd dissolve into a puddle of lust on the floor. Before that could happen, I proposed, "Let's take this to the bedroom."

"What about your boyfriend?" she asked in a hushed tone. "He is your boyfriend, isn't he? The big guy."

I appreciated her description: the big guy. Brian definitely fit the nickname in more ways than she currently knew. "I'll call him," I said, "and he can join us."

I hadn't brought my phone with me, so Beth lent me hers. I was sure Brian would understand we were a go when he saw a strange number pop up his cell. He did, answering, "That was quick."

"You have no idea," I responded. "I've already got the taste of her pussy on my lips. How's that for quick?"

LETTERS

▶ SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

I hung up, and Beth led me to her bedroom. I knew Brian would be joining us shortly. I wanted to see how far we could progress in the short time before he arrived. In her small bedroom, I whipped off my wrap so I was standing there in my bikini. Beth pulled open her robe. She beat me. She didn't have anything on beneath the lightweight garment.

Up until that moment, she had appeared a bit timid. But as she stood there in a pinup's pose, that shy façade instantly crumbled.

On my knees in seconds, I pressed my mouth to her smooth snatch. When Brian walked in, he would be delighted to find us already so far along. But in the very next instant, I stopped thinking about him entirely and focused my attention on Beth's pretty pussy. She was completely shaved, and her pussy lips were puffy, slick and glistening. She had definitely been working herself before I'd arrived.

There was a sweet abundance of nectar already awaiting me. I licked her slit for a few seconds, then used my fingers to spread her lips wide.

"That feels so good," she sighed as she exhaled. "Your tongue is like magic."

Beth suddenly stood up straighter, and I realized she was looking toward the doorway behind me. Ah, Brian had arrived. He hadn't needed anyone to invite him back to the bedroom. He'd followed the sounds of pleasure until he found the two of us.

"Oh, Jesus," was his first remark. I didn't want to let her loose, but I wanted to see the expression on my man's face. So I turned quickly to glance over my shoulder. Brian was still damp from the shower, his blond hair combed back off his forehead and the smell of his shampoo filled the air.

He took a tentative step forward, and I motioned for him to move faster.

"Now that you're here," I said, still coaxing

him closer, "we can really get busy."

Beth looked from me to Brian to me again. She seemed eager, but some of her shyness had clearly returned. How someone so stunning should be rocked by uncertainty surprised me. I'd have expected her to call the shots. But I had no problem with that. I took charge—like I've always wanted to.

"Brian and I want to fuck you," I said in my most matter-of-fact way. "Is that something you'd be into?"

She licked her lips, looking so beautiful and demure. Then she responded, "That's what I've been fantasizing about all afternoon." She moved to the side of her bed and grabbed a vibrator. "See?"

Brian laughed. "I've got something better than a toy," he said, "and you'll never have to change its batteries." With that, he undressed, and the three of us met on the mattress together. Brian and I had fantasized about a situation like this since we'd first hooked up. Now that our fantasy was about to become a reality, I wanted to make sure everything went without a hitch.

"Beth, would you bend over the edge of your mattress?" I asked solicitously.

"Oh, yes," she whispered eagerly, understanding the subtext: "Beth, do you want my boyfriend to fuck the daylight's out of your slippery cunt?"

"Brian, would you kindly slip your dick inside her?"

Why was I talking like that? Because I couldn't help myself. The whole thing was so surreal. Thirty minutes earlier, I'd been down on the concrete, confessing a desire to my man. Now we were about to make that desire come true—and make ourselves come at the same time.

Brian moved behind Beth and anchored her with his hands on her slim waist. Beth turned to look at me. Her dark eyes glowed. She wasn't blushing now. She was flushed with sexual heat. Her shyness dissipated once more. As charming as her ingénue attitude had been, I found I liked this



“SHE CRIED OUT AS I CRESTED MY LIPS OVER HER CLIT AND BROUGHT FORTH HER HONEY.”

new Beth even more.

“Are you ready?” I asked them.

The answer was a unanimous “yes” as Brian thrust inside our new neighbor.

“Yes,” echoed Beth. “Oh, fuck, yes.”

The two of them looked so beautiful together. Every scenario I’d ever imagined paled in comparison to how this activity looked in living color. Brian’s damp hair was curling at the ends. His body shone all over with a thin layer of sweat. Beth, with her thick black hair loose and her lips parted, was the definition of sexy. Had I thought she was transcendent when I’d run into her in the hall? When her workout gear had made my X-rated mind rev into overdrive? That was nothing compared to the vision before me now. Her eyes were sometimes shut as if she couldn’t handle any additional stimulation—sometimes opened wide because she wanted to gaze at me. Not to make sure I was accepting of the situation. We’d moved past that. We were fully connected, bound together in this lustful act of mutual appreciation.

Soon that wasn’t enough for me. I needed to be connected in a more visceral way. I moved onto the bed and pulled Beth up with me, so that she and Brian were now seriously doing it doggy-style. She was on her hands and knees on the mattress, and my boyfriend was energetically plowing her

pussy from behind as I watched.

He even gripped a handful of her hair—a move he knows I adore—and Beth whinnied her approval. I felt a wave of emotion flood over me. Then I realized it wasn’t emotion—it was arousal. I swiveled myself beneath Beth and began to lick her pussy.

The sweet moan she made was almost musical in nature. Like birdsong, a haunting melody, she cried out as I crested my lips over her clit and brought forth a fresh sampling of her honey. Not wanting to leave Brian lonely, I licked his balls as they passed overhead. Then I resumed my ministrations, working Beth’s jewel between my lips, sucking on her clit forcefully in what I hoped was a rhythmic motion that matched Brian’s.

With a cry, Beth came. I could feel the climax wrack her whole body. She stiffened for a moment, then seemed to release, and I heard Brian groan loudly. He must have been feeling the silken embrace of her pussy contracting around his rod.

Beth took over then—not seeming to be

one of those people who requires a little down time between erotic events. She moved so that Brian’s cock was out of her, and she looked at me pointedly.

“This is what I was thinking about while watching you,” she said, before bobbing her head on Brian’s dick and sucking her own juices from his shaft.

“Sucking him?” I asked.

“Sharing him,” she responded, backing off to let me work his bone. I followed her lead, and the two of us took turns teasing Brian. She’d suck him to the root, and then I’d take over. We went back and forth, playing a game of musical mouths until Brian came with a deep bellow. Beth had been the lucky one to have her mouth on him as he climaxed, and she greedily swallowed every drop of his cream. Brian nearly collapsed on the bed between us, breathing hard and dazed with pleasure. Beth grinned at me and said, “Now you.”

“Now me, what?” I asked, feeling my excitement building even higher.

“Now you get yours.”

Without delay, Beth climbed between



LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

my legs and used her thumbs to part my pussy lips. Then, gazing up my body at my face, she started to lick my slit. The ecstasy of her mouth was otherworldly. I started to whimper from the second her tongue touched my pink flesh.

Beth brought one finger into play and began to ever so lightly stroke my hole

**“WE WENT BACK
AND FORTH,
PLAYING A GAME
OF MUSICAL
MOUTHS UNTIL
BRIAN CAME.”**

while sucking forcefully on my clit. As my pleasure amped up, she insinuated the finger inside me, still keeping her motions almost languidly slow. Seductively slow. My hips started to beat on the mattress. Slow wasn't what my body wanted. Beth added a second finger, and my cunt contracted around her digits. Then suddenly she lifted her mouth from my mound and looked at Brian. I had momentarily forgotten about my boyfriend, but he hadn't forgotten about us. His dick was once again ramrod straight; watching Beth eat me out had resurrected his erection in record time.

“Come here, you,” Beth said, gripping Brian's dick and speaking to it as much as she was to him. “We need you.”

“We,” I echoed.

“Yes, of course. I'll suck your clit, and Brian will fuck me. Then we'll switch. That way, we're all involved at once.” It

had only taken us a few tries to work this out, the choreography of the threeway. I was thrilled. Brian reintroduced his dick to Beth's pussy, and she sighed delightedly against my clit before resuming her majestic motions. She seemed lost between us for a moment, bookended by pleasure, and then with effort, she moved away and let Brian enter me. He slid into me with the ease of one who has been well lubed. As he filled my pussy with every last inch of his cock, Beth settled herself on my face. Now I was the one being fucked by Brian and figuring out how to still work my mouth to give our new neighbor the joy she deserved.


This part came easy to me. Something about Beth's pussy made me want to lick her for hours. She had a delicious flavor and a way of grinding against me that let me know she loved every second of what I was doing to her.

When she came, she surprised me with her cries, which were so loud the sound seemed to bounce off the walls. She lifted off me, and then looked at Brian, and I realized she was waiting to be fucked now. He moved over, and she gestured for me to straddle her mouth as she had done to me.

I did so, but I faced Brian, and we shared a kiss as he worked her. We made a triangle of lust, and the power flowed effortlessly between us. When I felt a climax building, I said so, and Beth locked her lips to my clit and took me over the edge. Brian pulled out and came all over Beth's belly. Then I bent and licked away the sticky mess.

Relaxing in the big bed afterward, Beth asked, “How many times have you two done something like that before?”

“That was our first,” Brian answered, stroking her hair away from her face.

“But not our last,” I said, and I leaned over to kiss our beautiful neighbor, excited beyond words to have discovered the sensual pleasures awaiting behind door number three. 





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■ UNLOCKED

My husband had promised me a fun, “old-fashioned” time at Dennis and Alayna’s party. Roy liked springing surprises. We’d been married ten great years. During the first few we’d had an open marriage. But we had closed and locked the door on all that, thinking we were getting too old for that kind of behavior.

He’d left me garbled voicemail at six that evening, saying he was running late. I figured the rest of the message—which I couldn’t make out—was him telling me to go ahead without him. I tried calling back, but he had a bad habit of letting his cell phone battery run out, and it seemed like that’s what had happened that night.

So off I drove to the party. Dennis and Alayna were new friends of Roy’s, but I felt comfortable heading over on my own. They’d seemed like nice people from what my husband had said.

Their house was big. Lots of cars were in the long driveway but not Roy’s. I had worn a short black dress that showed off

just enough of my tits. I rang the bell.

The person who answered was a foxy brunette in an even sexier outfit than mine. She grinned and told me to drop my car keys into a big ceramic bowl in the foyer. I guessed it was some designated driver precaution.

People with drinks were milling everywhere. I didn’t know anybody but wasn’t bothered by that. Roy would show up eventually, and I knew how to socialize.

The brunette, who was named Sabrina, clung to my arm. I liked how her tits were practically spilling out of her dress. In the old days, I would have dragged her into a closet and fingered her till she came. To be honest, I missed those old days sometimes. Sometimes a lot.

She introduced me to Dennis. Letting go of my arm, Sabrina said, “I hope you get somebody good.” I didn’t know what she meant as I turned my attention to the party’s host.

Dennis was handsome and suave, in his mid-30s like Roy and I. Already halfway turned on by Sabrina, I felt a delightful tingling in my pussy. Again, I imagined how willingly I would have

leapt on this man once upon a time.

“Roy came with you?” Dennis asked. He looked me up and down candidly, which got my juices flowing even more.

“He’s running late.”

“Oh? That’s going to make things a bit difficult.” He frowned.

Again, I didn’t understand. It was only then that I realized everyone else present was part of a couple. Even Sabrina had come with her husband. Trying to be tactful, I said, “I don’t want to disrupt the seating arrangements or anything.”

He laughed. “It’s nothing so mundane, my dear. Tonight we’re playing the classic game where everyone chooses a random set of car keys from a bowl. Then that couple swaps. Roy didn’t tell you this is a swingers party?”

Now I understood the surprise. I was suddenly overwhelmed with love for my husband, who must have sensed I missed old times and had arranged this for me—for us. I was determined not to let the opportunity slip away.

“My keys are in the bowl,” I said boldly. “Whichever couple picks them can have me. How’s that sound?” I grinned.

Dennis grinned back. “It sounds like Roy’s a lucky man. Come along. It’s time for the drawing.”

The bowl was brought ceremoniously to a big central room. Many avid eyes were on it. Dennis had collected a lovely group. I finally saw his wife, Alayna, a ravishing blonde with creamy skin. She came to stand beside her husband.

For formality’s sake Dennis explained the rules. The room hummed with anticipation. These were people eager to swing, to experience that special thrill of sharing one’s spouse, of taking someone else’s wife or husband to bed. Old instincts came alive in me. My heart raced.

A couple made the first pick, the hot wife coming up with a jingling pair of keys. They belonged to an equally attractive duo. With a mutual smirk the wives traded places, and the



reconfigured pairs exited the house, with the first couple digging their car keys out of the bowl as well.

So it went. Keys were picked, spouses swapped, new couples headed off to erotic adventures. It was blind choosing, but I started feeling left out nonetheless as the numbers dwindled and no one fished out my keys. Finally, Sabrina reached into the bowl. I wouldn't have minded leaving with her and her good-looking husband.

But it was the last other couple who got picked. When the front door closed, the house felt empty.

"Well," Dennis said.

"Well," said Alayna.

"Well," I muttered.

"Your turn to pick, my dear."

I gave Dennis a look, then went to the bowl. Another set of keys was in there with mine. "You didn't think we weren't playing?" Alayna laughed huskily.

My disappointment vanished. They both came toward me, took my arms and led me into a sumptuous bedroom. I turned one way, and Dennis took me in his arms and kissed me while Alayna felt up my ass. I turned the other way, and she was groping my tits while Dennis unzipped my dress.

Alayna stepped out of her clothes, revealing a taut, gorgeous body. Her creamy tits were capped with luscious pink nipples. I bent to lick them as Dennis finished undressing me. When I straightened up, he was nude, too, his cock hard and twitching. With a growl I took his meat in my hand, savoring the firmness, the texture, and the fact that it was the first cock other than Roy's that I'd touched in years.

Those two lovely people guided me onto the big bed. I lay down, and they each started sucking one of my tits. Dennis flicked me delicately with his tongue while Alayna grazed my sensitive nipple with her teeth. Excitement rose in me. My flesh rippled with pleasure.

Alayna kissed her way farther down my



"DENNIS WAS STROKING INTO MY MOUTH. EVERY FORWARD PLUNGE FILLED MY FACE WITH COCK."

body, planting her lips on my flat belly, then squirming down between my spread thighs. I watched her blonde head move into position. When she ran the tip of her tongue along the edges of my pussy lips, I cried out. She dropped her mouth directly onto my aching cunt. I felt her hot breath, her nimble lips. Her tongue speared me, and I thrust myself against her face.

Dennis turned to admire his wife's work, then he sat up and moved to straddle my chest. I pulled him eagerly into place. His beautiful cock reared before me. I licked the thick underside vein, then closed my lips around his stout cockhead.

His flavor filled my mouth. I swallowed his dribbling pre-come. He fed me more of his inches. I ran my tongue along his shaft. With a grunt, he slid himself all the way in. My gag reflex didn't even threaten as I took him deep into my throat.

Meanwhile Alayna had zeroed in on my throbbing clit. She started off teasing the delicate bud with her tongue, bringing

me to an intense state of arousal. Then she did her teeth-grazing thing on it, which lit up my whole body. It was like old-fashioned flashbulbs bursting all over my naked flesh. My ass jiggled underneath me, and my hips bucked.

Dennis was stroking into my mouth. Every forward plunge filled my face with cock. Spit ran from the corners of my mouth, but I never let him go. I relished the power of his thrusts and how well I was able to handle them.

I was able to handle all of this, in fact. I hadn't lost my swinger's mojo. This felt right and true.

I came against Alayna's lips, the pleasure erupting from deep within me. I would have let Dennis come in my mouth, too, but he levered himself off of my face. As if obeying some silent signal, he and his wife traded places. Dennis hunkered between my outspread legs, his cock aiming at my dripping pussy, and Alayna climbed over my chest to place her cunt before my eager mouth.

Her mound was shaved down to blonde fuzz. Her pussy lips gleamed with wetness. Just as I touched her with my tongue, her husband slotted his cock into me. I bucked, as though from a serious electrical jolt. My tongue stabbed up into the offered pussy.

Her slickness flowed over my tongue as I delved into her. She jerked her hips on top of me, smearing her pussy against my face. I quested deeper. A moment later her delectable clit was pulsing against my lips. I stroked it with my tongue tip, sensing the incredible vitality of this dazzling woman.

Meanwhile, Dennis fucked me slowly.

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He would draw himself out till only his cockhead was inside, then slide the full length of himself back into me. My pussy grasped him greedily. He picked up his tempo in tiny increments. Beyond his wife's writhing body, I could hear his grunts and the squelching sounds as he continued to ream my pussy.

Then he kicked his motion into a faster gear. His thrusts became more forceful. He began to slam his cock into me, the fleshy slapping sounds loud in the bedroom. A deep shattering pleasure was gathering in me, something potent, a kind of rapture that maybe harkened back to the earlier days of my marriage to Roy. I had been utterly happy with him and had thought myself satisfied to have him and only him as a lover. But maybe we'd both been fooling ourselves when we'd closed the door on this kind of outside fun.

Alayna was humping hard at my face now. Her juices ran over my cheeks and chin. She rode atop my impaling tongue. I looked up to watch her squeezing her own tits, her beautiful face contorted in ecstasy. Her orgasmic fluids poured freely into my hungry mouth as she let loose with a triumphant howl.

"WHEN SHE RAN THE TIP OF HER TONGUE ALONG THE EDGES OF MY PUSSY LIPS, I CRIED OUT."

I made a similar wail, but it was muffled by her pussy. Joy of an almost primeval intensity ransacked its way through my very being. Every nerve came to white-hot life. At the same instant Dennis started pumping me full of his hot jets of spunk. I plunged deeper into the realms of orgasmic delight, where I blissfully lost myself for several minutes.

When I emerged from my erotic haze, I saw that Roy had finally shown up. Alayna was undressing him. In a stupor I watched him climb onto the bed and on top of her. As his cock entered her, Dennis started to finger my pussy. He

was hard again. I gave my husband a warm grin, and he returned it.

We had found the keys to that door we had foolishly closed, and we would never lock it again.

—N.S., Omaha, Nebraska

TRADING PLACES

It was Andrew's idea to trade the girls. We'd all been out by the dock as the sun went down. The fire was roaring, the wine was flowing, and the sky had fully darkened when he said, "You have a beautiful wife."

I was feeling a nice warm buzz, and I laughed. "You do, too. Monica's quite the looker."

"And Jenny is a beauty."

I raised my glass to him, and he did the same in return.

"Ever think about trading places for a night?"

I didn't catch his real meaning at first, but then I realized what he meant. I was surprised to find I was intrigued instead of jealous.

"Never have before, no."

"Shame. I know Monica would be game for it." He lit a cigar, and I heard the women over by the fire murmuring to each other.

"I didn't say I *wasn't* game," I argued. "I simply said I'd never thought about it before."

Andrew chuckled, and we clinked glasses. "You'll talk to her?"

"I'll talk to her tonight in our cabin. And if she says yes?"

"Then tomorrow night we'll retire to one cabin or the other. That's with the idea in mind you'd like her in eyeshot. I do prefer to have Monica in sight to make sure she's safe. Besides, I have no issue with seeing another guy fuck my wife while I fuck his."

I had to shift in my chair at the thought. The idea was odd, but it was also

incredibly, intensely pleasing.

"I think I'd like to be able to see her, yeah. You think they'd go for—"

"Monica will. It's how we do it. It's all down to your lovely Jenny."

Would she? I wondered. I really didn't know the answer to that. She was adventurous and had a high sex drive, but we'd never discussed anything like this before. I was very curious to hear her response to the query.

We all finally said goodnight, made sure the flames were well within the fire ring, and retired to our cabins. Inside, I poured me and Jenny unneeded nightcaps.

"I have something to ask you, but I don't want you to—"

"I already know, and I already know I want to. Are we going to?" She practically jumped into my arms. Her intensity rocked me back.

I laughed, looking into her eyes. "I take it you've made up your mind."

"It's all up to you."

I studied her face as she wriggled against me. My cock woke up more with every move she made as she pressed herself against me, holding on to me as if for dear life.

"I think I'd like to try it," I responded honestly. "More than anything, the thought of seeing you with Andrew..."

"Turns you on?" She moved her body against me again, and I could feel the heat of her pussy through her shorts.

"Yes."

"Now take your pants off," she said, stripping off her own.

I barely managed to get my cargo pants down when she grabbed my dick and began to stroke it. I pushed her hand away and shoved her ass up against a low bookshelf so she was practically sitting on it. I spread her legs wide, briefly dipped a finger inside her cunt and found her drenched. She guided my cock to her slick entrance and then paused, kissing me fiercely.

"Fuck me," she said, her breath hot on



my lips. "Fuck me and then tomorrow you can let *him* have a turn."

I growled and drove into her with a hearty thrust. The bookshelf banged against the wall as I pounded her. I held her steady as I rocked into her. She stared into my eyes as she came, her parted lips kiss-bruised and as pink as rose petals. I followed quickly behind her. The idea of being with Monica while Jenny was with Andrew gave me a hair trigger.

We were about to have a whole new experience. Together. Just the way we liked it.

The next day we didn't meet Monica and Andrew for dinner as we normally did while up at the cabins. Instead, we spent the time together, talking and plotting and basically anticipating the swap. Our friends were due to arrive at seven that night, and when the knock came I

thought Jenny would jump right out of her skin.

She opened the door and immediately embraced Monica. The two women hugged, exchanged kisses on the cheek, and then we were all staring at each other.

It was my Jenny who broke the silence. "Well, should we just do this? The drinks and snacks and chitchat can wait until later. All I know is I'm nervous and excited, and I'd really prefer to get naked right away."

Monica tilted back her head and laughed. The girls had been friends for a long time. "I agree," said Monica. Then she whisked her thin cotton dress over her head. She stood there in black panties and a black demi-cup bra and her tan leather flip-flops.

My mouth went dry at the idea I'd be fucking her very shortly. She was leaner

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and taller than Jenny with teacup-sized breasts and narrower hips. I wondered what her pussy tasted like. What she'd feel like wrapped around my cock.

Jenny stripped, too, pushing her shorts down and then playfully kicking them to Andrew. He snagged them from the air with ease.

Beneath the shorts she was bare, her mound neatly trimmed. She pulled her light summer sweater over her head and dropped it on the floor. Then she went a step further and removed her bra. She was the one to stand there utterly naked.

Andrew moved toward her, making a growling noise that somehow went straight to my dick. He gathered my wife in his arms and kissed her briefly before dragging his teeth down the slope of her neck and settling at her nipple, licking and biting it.

When Monica slipped her fingers down the front of my shorts I jumped in surprise. I'd been preoccupied with watching the others. I'd nearly forgotten she was there!

"We can't let them have all the fun, now can we?" she teased.

Monica then dropped to her knees, yanked down my shorts, and took my cock in her mouth. She licked and swallowed

and lapped at me until my body felt like one big glowing light. I thrust into her hot wet mouth and slid over her tongue. Every glance at my wife showed me beautiful images of debauchery. Her sucking his cock. Him eating her out. His fingers in her pussy...

I had to pull out of Monica's mouth before I came. I pushed her back onto one of the two leather sofas and put her long legs over my shoulders. Her pussy was wet and hot against my tongue. She tasted like cotton and ocean water. She got off fast. Only a few swipes of my tongue over the hard little knot of her clit

**"I SLAMMED INTO
HER HARD,
WATCHING HER
BODY REACT TO
EVERYTHING I
WAS GIVING HER."**

and she was coming, flooding my mouth with her juices. I slipped two fingers inside her, and she wriggled eagerly. My fingers brushed the depths of her, and when she arched up and cried out, I marveled at the fact that I'd just made her come again with only my fingers.

Jenny's cries mimicked Monica's, and I glanced over to see her tugging Andrew's hair as he lapped at her pussy.

Monica positioned herself so that her belly was on the sofa cushions and her knees were on the floor. She pushed her ass back, beckoning me, and I didn't hesitate. I moved between her legs and shoved my cock into her cunt without preamble. She slammed against me, keeping close as I fucked her frantically.

"Hold my hips," she said. I grabbed them hard and held on to her like she might float away. I fucked her with short, hard jabs that she seemed to like, and within moments she was coming again, her pussy milking me to the point of stealing my breath.

"You're so tight," I groaned.

"You should feel her ass," Andrew grunted.

I looked over to see him settling down on top of my wife. He was fucking her face-to-face with her legs held high. I knew she'd be coming within seconds in that position.

Jenny's gaze found mine, and she smiled at me. I smiled back and slid my cockhead along Monica's asscrack, grazing her back hole and testing the waters. She sighed and pushed back to encourage me. The waters, it seemed, were warm and welcoming—and that's when I got an even bigger surprise.

Monica reached for her purse, rummaging inside the battered hobo to pluck out a travel-sized bottle of lube.

"Here you go, big boy," she said, tossing me the container.

Hardly believing my luck, I slickened up my shaft before pushing only the tip inside her. Her body stretched, coaxing me in deeper. Andrew looked over and smiled.



At me or his wife I didn't know.

Monica forced her body back against me. Her ass gripped my advancing cock, and it felt like I was fucking a molten fist. My lover hung her head and shoved her hand between her thighs. She was playing with her clit. Andrew spoke to her softly, "He's fucking you good, baby. Come for him. Come for me."

Monica whimpered, and my body reacted sympathetically. My urge was to climax, but I managed to hold off.

Andrew shoved Jenny's hands above her head and started to really pound her. With every thrust, she raised her body to meet him. The noises she made—noises I was used to her making while I was fucking her—made me clench my jaw as I tried to stave off my orgasm. She just sounded so damn sweet.

I held Monica's trim hips and dug my fingers into her flesh. I slammed into her hard and fast, watching her body react to everything I was giving her.

"You like that?" I growled.

She moaned, nodding.

"You like my cock in your tight little ass?"

Another moan. Another nod.

"Say it," I said.

This time Andrew made a gruff noise, and my wife followed with a whimper. Everyone was on edge, hovering right there near the point of coming.

"I love your cock in my ass," she said hoarsely. The sound of her voice, breathy and needy, pushed me closer to release.

She undulated beneath me, and I could tell she was almost there.

"Come for me then. Show me you love it."

She was nodding mindlessly, her arm flexing as she stroked herself and her body rocking back to take my driving dick.

I bit my lip and welcomed the spark of pain to keep my head about me.

She came with a long loud cry that echoed around the cabin's main room. I swore, clutched her tight and tried to hold on, but then Jenny was coming. The



familiar sounds of her bliss echoed in my ears. Andrew grunted as my wife continued to sing out her pleasure. I came with an animalistic sound, clutching Monica so tight I was sure to leave bruises.

Andrew managed to hang in the longest, but when Jenny sighed, "Yes, yes, yes..." He surrendered.

I watched him shudder over my wife and had to consciously try to catch my breath. When I did, I managed a chuckle.

"Everybody having fun?" I asked

Everyone's laughter was good-natured and then the hunt for food and drink began. I winked at Jenny. We had another new experience under our belt.

—K.J., Bozeman, Montana

BETWEEN FRIENDS

"You want me to what?" I asked Eric, startled.

Casual conversation wasn't the easiest to conduct in this position. I was faced away from my husband, in an exquisite reverse cowgirl, and he had me panting from the way he was bouncing me on his thick, hard dick. From my vantage point, I could see myself in the mirror over our dresser, but my body blocked his form.

"I want you to fuck someone else."

Was he serious? I turned to look at him over my shoulder. He was holding my waist, moving me at the perfect pace. I was sure he'd just said that he wanted me to fuck someone else, but that couldn't be right, could it? We were happily married,

after all. Did married people actually do things like that? I mean, outside of porn?

"I want you to fuck Thad."

Oh, fuck. Thad.

Thad was Eric's former colleague, a work friend who had moved to Dallas a few years earlier. I'd met him several times. He and his breathtaking wife had come to town for our wedding two years earlier. Thad was the type of guy women wanted to fuck when their husbands proposed swinging. He was the definition of jaw-droppingly handsome. Black hair. Sensual eyes that undressed you. He made you want to be undressed.

"We used to," Eric continued.

"Used to?" I echoed, and he had to know how close I was to coming. My pussy was squeezing him urgently, desperately. Was it because he'd put Adonis-like Thad in my mind?

"Thad and I used to swap sometimes," Eric said. "He'd do my girl, and I'd do his."

"Just like that?" I asked, curious as to how that worked.

"We'd go out with our dates, get a little frisky, start talking dirty. One of us would bring up the concept of maybe fucking in front of the others. We'd play it cool. Ask if either of them had ever done that before. That sort of thing."

I needed to see him now, to watch his face. I pulled up and then swiveled around, placing my palms on his broad chest. Then I slid all the way to the root of his glorious pole once more. His green eyes glittered at me. He licked his lips and tilted his head, as if anticipating I had more questions.

"And girls would go for that?"

"You've met Thad..."

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I flushed. Eric grinned at me and started to gently stroke my clit with the tips of his fingers. I ground my hips against his body to gain the connection I craved.

"Imagine," he said, "fucking Thad while I fuck his wife."

In the heat of our dirty discussion, I'd completely forgotten the other part of the erotic equation, this math problem of multiples. If I were to be with Eric's friend, then he would be with the wife. I froze for a second, and then I melted. Marcie was a sweetheart. If I were going to choose anyone to swing with, I'd definitely put Thad's delectable wife on the menu.

"How would that make you feel?" Eric asked.

I had to admit the fantasy turned me on. This was completely outside of my comfort zone, but maybe I was ready to take that leap.

"Could we be in the same room together?"

"The whole time," he assured me.

"And you wouldn't mind me doing it with another guy?"

"The thought does this to me," he said, and I actually felt his cock pulse inside

me. I shut my eyes for a moment, picturing the scene. I could easily imagine fucking Thad—and the vision of Eric doing Marcie blossomed almost as quickly. Eric pinched my clit right then, and I came to thoughts of the four of us together. Fucking in front of each other. We decided right then to make it happen. Thad and Marcie had been planning a visit for quite some time, and for the next few weeks until they arrived, every time we had sex, we talked about what it would be like. Me sucking off Thad or bending over for him. Marcie spreading her thighs while Eric speared her with his cock.

The men talked beforehand to make sure everyone was interested. Then Marcie and I got to know each other better online. We had phone sex—so to speak—sharing fantasies with each other in preparation for the big day. But there's a difference between imagining a scenario and actually living it. When the night came to make the vision a reality, I was a jumble of nerves.

"You're gorgeous," Eric said, giving me a kiss before we entered the restaurant. "I've never seen you look prettier."

There was romance in the air. I was

wearing my favorite short dress; it was tight and red like a ripe tomato. My hair was up in a fancy twist, and I checked myself in the window of the French café before walking inside.

This was real life. All the things we'd talked about happening were about to happen.

As soon as we sat down, Marcie put her hand on mine. She had a gentle, reassuring quality as she squeezed my hand and smiled shyly at me.

"Eric's so cute," she said. "You're so lucky."

I looked at my husband. He *is* a catch. Then I looked at Thad, and I realized he was nervous. Why was that? Suddenly, I thought I understood.

"Have you two guys ever done this before?" I asked. "For real. Tell me the truth."

Thad and Eric made eye contact. Then Eric said, "Well..."

"You haven't!"

"We'd talked about it..." Thad said.

"A lot," Eric continued.

"But we never did," Thad finished.

"But you said..."

"It was the heat of the moment," Eric reasoned. "That was fantasy bedroom talk. What if? Would you like that? Would you let me? But when you sounded so interested, I contacted Thad and asked if he and Marcie would be willing."

Thad touched my foot with his under the table. "What if?" he asked. "Would you like that?"

Marcie started to laugh. "Would you let me...?"

I felt strangely relieved and dreamily aroused. This was going to be a first for all of us. Marcie smiled again at me. We didn't even order food. The four of us left right then and went to their hotel. It was a high-end place, with two big queens side by side. The layout couldn't have been more perfect for what we planned. Then there was the moment of truth. Would we actually be able to go through with this? Did I dare? Did Eric?



Thad took a step toward me. Marcie looked at my husband. I took a breath for courage, and then I went into the arms of a man I'd only admired privately. He kissed me, and I sighed. Eric was holding Marcie right next to me. This was the sexiest thing that had ever happened to me. I felt rocked on my axis, slightly unstable. Fortunately, the beds were right there.

Thad led me to the edge of one mattress. I stripped and then made myself comfortable in the center. He took off his clothes, and I got to see a body I'd only before imagined. Marcie seemed to be having the same feelings about Eric's well-built form.

But for one moment, I didn't move. If we kept going, there would be a man's dick in me. A man who wasn't my husband. If we continued, then Eric would be making it with another woman. I let myself really consider all the facts. And then I realized precisely how turned on I was. I trusted Eric. He loved me. Watching him fuck Marcie wouldn't change that.

Thad pulled me to him. We maneuvered into a 69. I was on top, and I made sure I could look up and see Eric and Marcie together. They began by doing it doggy-style. Marcie seemed to want to watch us as much as I wanted to stare at them. I'd never realized before that I might have voyeuristic/exhibitionistic tendencies. I was so lit up by feeling her eyes on me and almost more so by showing off for her.

I let her see me deep-throat her husband's fat dick. She groaned and started to finger herself while Eric plowed her. God, I love being fucked like that. I needed to feel Thad inside me, too. I told him so, and he had no problem mirroring their position on our own bed. He slotted his slick dick between my dripping pussy lips and plunged inside. I cried out. Marcie looked transported.

"Your wife is so sexy," she murmured.

"I know," he said proudly. "I love when she's loud like that."

Being discussed was even more of an aphrodisiac. Thad said, "I've wanted to



"HE SLOTTED HIS SLICK DICK BETWEEN MY DRIPPING PUSSY LIPS AND PLUNGED INSIDE."

be in you for years. Your pussy is so nice and tight."

His words returned my focus to what the two of us were doing. I felt okay to admit the same. That I'd imagined what his cock would look like, feel like. What his fuck-style would be like. Marcie always looked so satisfied. Now, I understood why. He thrust hard inside me, then slid out slower. He used one hand to strum my clit to the same rhythm of his fucking. I shut my eyes to savor the feeling—until Eric said, "Look at me."

I obeyed, but was he addressing me or Marcie? Did it matter? Not really. The four of us were intricately connected, even if we were separated by the foot-and-a-half of maroon carpeting between the two beds.

But suddenly that was too far apart. I told Thad what I wanted, and quickly he and I moved to the other couple's bed.

Now we were really side-by-side. I could smell the intoxicating spice of Marcie's exotic perfume. I could reach out and touch her supple skin, but I didn't. We all resumed our action, but we were so close I could feel Eric's breath on my back, could hear the catch in Marcie's throat when she whispered, "I'm going to come."

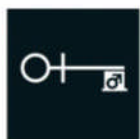
She wasn't just saying it to Eric. She was letting all of us know.

Her orgasm triggered a chain reaction. I watched my husband's face as he shot off inside his best friend's wife. I moaned as if I was the one climaxing—and then I really was the one climaxing. I came powerfully as Thad reached his own limit inside me. The feeling of him pounding out his last bit of pleasure within me while my husband watched was truly transformative.

Life had offered us this sexy opportunity. We'd grabbed onto the ring—and we'd swung.

—R.T., via email

Ever traded partners for sexual variety? Spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies? If you're a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



■ RETRO RAUNCH

The two women I'd been dating ambushed me at my restaurant table. I hadn't exactly been lying to either about the other, but I wasn't entirely honest either. The ladies let me have it, though their attack was rather good-natured. We were all in the film industry. I was a studio accountant, Selena a set designer, and Gina an actress. Both women were beautiful and sophisticated.

I endured this debacle with a *c'est la vie* attitude—figuring both relationships were blown—and ordered a beer.

Then out of nowhere Selena asked with a grin, "What was your most memorable pornographic moment?" She was trim and wiry, with teacup-sized tits and a flawless complexion.

"I beg your pardon," I responded, somewhat baffled.

Gina nudged my knee under the table, also grinning. She was taut but curvy, with short blonde hair and creamy skin. "Every guy has had a relationship with porn," she said. "We want to know what was the movie or magazine or dirty book that seared itself into your young brain for all time."

Maybe it was the beer. Maybe I just felt outnumbered by these two lovely females. We were on the patio in sight of the Hollywood sign. Nobody else was within earshot. "Okay. I can't believe I'm telling you this, but..."

I then divulged the ultimate sacrosanct secret, the one no man ever shares with any woman. I told Selena and Gina about the pornography that had left the most lasting impression on me as a young man.

I'd had a strict upbringing with no Internet access, and I didn't manage to get my hands on an adult magazine until I was 18. I vividly remembered sneaking off to the woods with the



issue for the first time. There, alone in the birdsong quiet, I opened the pages with trembling hands.

My eyes popped wide at the sight of all that exposed female flesh. I beheld pussies and tits, and I couldn't believe how gorgeous the women were. They wore smoldering looks—and not much else—and looked ecstatic in their sexy positions. It was an absolute revelation to me.

"But what were the pictures..." Selena queried with flushed cheeks.

"...the pictures that really did it for you?" Gina finished breathlessly.

I was helplessly turned on. Strangely the two women seemed to share my excitement. I got down to the nitty gritty.

A photo spread of two women together toward the back of that first magazine blew every last erotic circuit in my head. Something about the seeming tenderness of that lesbian love scene touched my very being. Though that magazine was long since lost, I could still recall the vibrant carnal gymnastics of those two sensual women. I described the setting, the frilly lingerie they'd peeled off each other, the acts of fingering and oral pleasure that followed, and then the finale—a spectacular 69.

I came out of my reverie. Gina and

Selena were peering at me, wearing sympathetic smiles. I blushed with belated embarrassment. What the hell had I been thinking?

"That was a sweet story, Sean," Selena said, laying a soft hand on mine.

"Thanks for sharing it," Gina said, touching my other hand.

For a moment the air crackled with unnamed possibilities, then the women excused themselves, and I was alone again at my table.

But the images I'd revived in my memory stayed with me for weeks afterward. Those two models from that photo session had given me great delight over the years, remaining with me like remembrances of bygone lovers.

I got a call late one night from Selena. "Can you come down to the set? It's urgent."

Hollywood doesn't have office hours, and even as an accountant it wasn't so unusual for me to be called in for an emergency.

The soundstage was dark when I arrived. I knew Selena was there working on sets for an upcoming film. After stumbling around a few moments, I called out, "Selena?"

Apparently, I was standing in just the right place. Lights suddenly came on, and

**“I PUT MY ARMS
AROUND THEM,
PULLING ONE IN
FOR A DEEP KISS,
THEN THE OTHER.”**

I was facing a bedroom set in pastels, the bed a four-poster. The soft lighting made the scene sensual and strangely familiar.

Then I was struck numb. This was a recreation of the set used in the girl/girl photo spread in that long-ago porno magazine. The details were amazing, down to items on the vanity table. My stunned mind tried to make sense of it. I'd named the magazine, even the issue. Selena must have researched and created this on purpose. But why?

I got my answer a second later. I watched wide-eyed as Selena entered the bedroom set from one side, and Gina came in from the other. They were dressed in the same lacy lingerie as the two models from the magazine.

The women turned toward me and simultaneously lifted fingers to their lips to silence me. A hush as deep as the woods I'd first taken that magazine to settled onto the soundstage. I beheld the scene in speechless awe.

Both women had plainly memorized every nuance of the erotic “pictorial essay,” which had told a wordless but sensuous tale. Ten years ago, looking at those pictures for the first time, I had given the women backstories, how they were meeting in secret to consummate a long-smoldering passion. I had imagined the initial hesitations, then the giving way to unbridled lust.

Selena and Gina glided toward each



other like lingerie-clad angels. I saw the nervousness on Selena's lovely face, the anticipation on Gina's gorgeous features. They played their roles. They gazed passionately at one another, moving nearer.

They froze briefly, and I saw to my further wonder that they'd recreated the first still from the magazine. Then they resumed their action, sharing a first trembling kiss, and freezing on that pose as well.

The action advanced, replicating perfectly the carnal excitement captured in the old photos. They embraced. They touched each other's breasts. Selena, unable to hold back any longer, lunged at

Gina, and together they fell onto the bed.

Every angle was just right. Every tilt of the head, every look of growing ecstasy on their two lovely faces. They were even a close enough match in pigment and physiques to the original models.

Selena suckled on Gina's tits. Gina pushed apart Selena's thighs and tenderly fingered her lover. Later, Selena put her mouth on Gina's pussy. They showed me every frame of the photo spread, including the sexual crescendo, when the pair arranged themselves into a pussy-feasting 69.

My cock was painfully hard, but I was also profoundly moved by this display. It had taken a great deal of effort on

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their parts to put this all together.

They turned to look at me for the first time since the start of the exhibition.

"When you got to the end of those photos..." Gina began.

"...didn't you ever imagine what would happen if you walked into the room?" finished Selena.

Hoarsely I said, "I did."

"Show us," they said simultaneously.

I lurched toward the bedroom set, shedding my clothes as I went. My cock waggled before me as I approached the four-poster bed. The two women had come out of their 69 and drew me up between them.

Old fantasies churned within me, all those imaginary moments with those essentially imaginary women. But the illusion gave way to the exquisite reality of the two ladies before me. They had discarded the lingerie during the previous proceedings. Now they pressed their soft naked bodies against me.

I put my arms around them, pulling one in for a deep kiss, then the other. Then we all pressed our mouths together in a three-way tongue-tangling connection that set the core of me pulsing with desire. Both their mouths tasted sweetly of pussy.

I bent to flick my tongue over Gina's hard pink nipples, then moved to suck on Selena's darker buds. Both women reached for my cock, one stroking the shaft while the other fondled my balls.

The pleasure built in me. I eased Gina onto her back and hunkered for a moment between her thighs to lap and lick at her juicy furrow. She squealed with delight. Then I lifted my head and moved up to slot my aching cock into her.

Her curvy body bucked as I entered her. Selena lay alongside and caressed Gina's tits, flicking a tongue over her earlobe. I stroked deep into Gina's pussy, relishing the grasping heat of her. My passion rising, I started thrusting harder, the fleshy slaps of our bodies echoing through the soundstage.

A look of bliss overtook Gina's face. Her lips spread on a cry, and I felt her clench me wetly as pleasure rippled her body and she wriggled on the ornate bed. Afterward, she gripped my shoulder and said of Selena, "Fuck her now."

Selena wanted me doggy-style. She got on her hands and knees, and I moved in behind her, my cock glistening with Gina's juices. Gina—eyes alight with lust—reached underneath to grope Selena's tits as I slid into her friend's slick pussy. Again, a gripping wet warmth welcomed me.

I quickly took up a stroking rhythm, loving the easy glide of penetration. Selena's head whipped from side to side. I cupped her taut ass in my hands and started hammering harder into her. She shook on her knees and cried out with pleasure.

It was all just incredible. I truly had fantasized this as a younger male, pretended I could walk into that magical bedroom, and be received by the two women and allowed to do exactly what

I was doing with Gina and Selena. Pure fantasy had met absolute reality.

Selena writhed through an unmistakably fierce climax, then suddenly disengaged herself from me. Before I could say anything, the two lovely ladies pushed me onto my back. They moved hungrily toward my cock from either side with their mouths open.

My eyes drifted shut in a delirium of sexual bliss. I couldn't even tell which was sucking my juice-slick shaft and which licking my balls. Then they traded off, traded back, and soon I had lost myself completely in a wilderness of oral gratification.

My hips were jerking. I was thrusting upward, squealing the springs of the four-poster bed. Ancient images from the magazine burst in the air above me. A mouth enclosed my swollen cockhead. A tongue raked up and down my veiny shaft. My climax seized me.

I don't know whose mouth I came in, but it was a huge eruption. I felt every blissful spasm rock me. When I blinked



my way back to the set, I saw Selena and Gina trading my spunk back and forth between them on their tongues. I sighed. Hollywood can make dreams come true.

—S.K., Los Angeles, California



■ ON DISPLAY

“**T**he fucking sink was leaking. But slowly. So it damaged the plaster and the wood floor and the beam.” He blew out a sigh. “By the time it got bad enough to notice...*whoosh*. Everything had collapsed.”

He put his hands up in the air in exasperation, and I laughed. Then I walked up to him, draped my arms around his neck and kissed him. “So where do you brush your teeth?”

“The sink in the kitchen,” he answered. His mouth moved down my neck, leaving soft kisses, but the soft kisses were swiftly followed by nips from his sharp teeth.

“I missed you,” I said.

“Yeah, three days is too long not seeing you. No more weekend trips for work.”

I pushed my body against his and felt his hard cock press against the cleft of my pussy. My leggings were thin, and I was bare beneath. I took advantage and pressed against him again.

I heard him suck in a breath and then growl roughly. “Take off your clothes.”

That’s when it occurred to me the hole in his bathroom could be an issue for us.

“What if the maintenance guy comes while we’re fucking?”

“The only person coming while we’re fucking is you. Multiple times. And then me,” he said with a sexy smile. He slipped his hand into my leggings, and then he was touching me and my brain was shutting down.

I wriggled in his arms, and he pressed himself to me harder. Then backed me

“I WANTED HIM TO SEE MY CUNT, AND THEN I WANTED HIM TO SEE CAL TAKE ME.”

up against the wall and pushed two thick fingers into my cunt.

“No, really,” I said a little breathless. “I’m worried about him coming in while we’re—”

Cal cut me off with a kiss. His tongue was hot and demanding against mine, and those fingers were now sliding in and out of my pussy and my body was responding.

“No one’s coming. They always leave a notice hanging on the door that says when they’re coming back, and the last one said they’d call. We’re fine.”

“Fine?” I ran my fingers beneath the hem of his tee and felt the flat warmth of his stomach. I dragged my digits a bit lower and traced the outline of his stiff dick through his faded jeans.

“Fine.” Then that was that. He scooped me up and threw me over his shoulder like a sack of sugar. The next thing I knew, he was tossing me onto his bed, where I bounced, gave a little cry, and then settled down because he was peeling my leggings off. He had that look on his face that said he planned to fuck me in every

possible way before he was done, and that was exactly what I wanted.

I glanced at the open door of the bedroom and wondered if we’d hear anyone if they showed up and let themselves in. But then Cal dropped to his knees between my spread legs, and his tongue took a swipe across my clit, and my mind went blank. I raised my hips, sighed and shoved my fingers into his hair. I anchored him to my pussy, bucking up to meet his tongue as it started to flick fast and then slow, alternating maddeningly across my swollen nub.

Fuck the doorway. Fuck the workmen. Fuck the worry. We’ll hear them if they show up. No doubt about it.

Cal licked me until I was clutching his hair hard enough to make him grunt. I propelled myself up against his willing mouth and swirling tongue, rocketing toward orgasm like a freight train. He slid his fingers back inside my cunt and hooked them, zeroing in on my G-spot and making my pussy go from wet to drenched.

“You’re a fucking river,” he murmured against my inner thigh. I pushed his head back to my cunt, and his tongue resumed lapping at me even as he chuckled.

He sucked my clit, drawing on it hard and fast, and that was all I needed to tip backward into release. My pussy flexed, and the sweet syrupy pleasure overtook me. I cried out, loud and long, and on the tail end of my sounds I heard another.

I raised my head and glanced out into the hall but saw nothing.

“What’s wrong?”

Cal stood, took off his clothes and dropped them on the floor.

I thought to explain, but then I saw his

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cock—hard and ready—and realized how much I'd fucking missed him.

"Nothing," I said. "I'm hearing stuff. Come here."

I reached for him, and he stepped toward me. I got off the bed and dropped to my knees right there on the red bedroom rug. I jacked his cock with my fist, watching the tip start to leak pre-come. I stuck my tongue out and licked it away, getting a sigh from Cal. Then I did it again. I ran my tongue along his cockhead, tracing the ridges and the tip. His hands wound into my hair and anchored me, and he started to fuck my mouth with long, even thrusts.

I breathed through my nose and did my best to take all of him. The act of inhaling his cock to the root made my cunt clench up around nothing, eager for another release.

That's when I saw the man in the hall. He peered in around the corner and watched as I sucked Cal. I made a noise, but Cal just took it as a blowjob sound and rocked his hips at an ever-increasing pace.

I noticed the guy had his cock in his

hand and was slowly stroking himself. My pussy let loose a rush of fluid, and I wondered: What was so bad about letting him watch?

Knowing he was there was doing something for me—to me. I shut my eyes and let my worries go. Let Cal push my mouth further down, so my lips brushed his coarse pubic hair. I breathed and sucked and waited for the moment when Cal decided he was too close to climaxing.

It came soon enough. He pulled

**"I NOTICED THE
GUY HAD HIS
COCK IN HIS HAND
AND WAS SLOWLY
STROKING
HIMSELF."**

from my mouth, laughing. "Jesus. I almost came."

My gaze strayed to the doorway, but the maintenance guy had stepped out of sight. If I strained my ears, I swore I could hear the whispering stroke of his hand on his cock. It might have been my imagination—but maybe not.

Cal held out his hand. I took it and stood. Then he propelled me to the bed, fast and hard. I dropped to the mattress and caught the flicker of movement in the doorway. A moan escaped me, and Cal grinned down at me.

"Spread your legs."

I did. Wantonly. Before he was even close enough to cover or shield me. I wanted our visitor to see how wet and flushed and ready I was. I wanted him to see my cunt, and then I wanted him to see Cal take me.

Cal shoved my knees high, parting me further and exposing me. I shivered and held my breath, hoping to hear the stranger. All I heard was Cal growling as he pushed himself between my thighs and slid into me with one hard thrust.

I moved up to take him, feeling the tip of his hard cock kiss my already tender G-spot. The sudden connection hit me with a jolt of pleasure so big I moaned.

With only a few hard thrusts, I was on the edge once again. Then I heard a subtle intake of air and knew the noise was from our watcher. Cal missed it, but I heard the sound, and the idea that the stranger was getting close to climaxing just from seeing me get close was too much. I came, my orgasm making me tremble and shake.

"Turn me over, turn me over, take me from behind..." I was babbling, but Cal was on board. He pulled out of me roughly and flipped me easily with one hand. I was able to see the doorway from my position, and I watched the darkness for any sign of movement as Cal parted my thighs and ran his fingers over my drenched folds. He loved to inspect me before he fucked me from behind. He





tickled my clit, and I jumped because I was so sensitive. Then he trailed a fingertip up my asscrack and circled my back hole.

I moaned. Not just from the sensation but because I could see the flash of pale flesh in the hallway. The maintenance man was still jerking off, and my goal was that he'd come when I did this time. I wanted him to shoot his load on the colorful rag rug in Cal's hallway.

When Cal slipped his cock along my drenched slit, I arched my back and moaned. I licked my lips and did my best to see that flesh-colored blur without him knowing I was watching him watching us.

Cal grabbed my hips and plunged into me. I cried out and started to move my body back, impaling myself on his hard cock.

"Baby," he growled.

"Fuck me," I said. I held my breath and heard a soft exhalation from the hallway. I reared back to meet every one of Cal's thrusts, so he was fucking me deep and rough. I reached beneath my body, plucked at my clit, and then started a good rhythm of swirling and rubbing.

I tossed my head back as I came. It was an intense but short burst of pleasure that rocked me to my core. I felt my muscles spasming around his erection.

"Jesus," Cal said. "That pussy of yours is milking my cock."

His continuous thrusts and the soft, whispering sounds of a callused hand on a hard cock coming from the hall brought me right back to the beginning. I was on the verge of climaxing once again.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, baby. I'm going to come again. Do that thing you do."

That's all I needed to say. Cal moved up close to me. His pelvis was almost constantly in touch with my ass as he thrust into me with short, brutal motions. Every move nudged the tender, needy places deep inside me. He pushed his thumb into my ass and plunged it deep.

I cried up at the ceiling. I wanted to be

as vocal as I could for our audience.

Cal fucked my ass with his thumb and my pussy with his cock, and the two in tandem were intoxicating. "Yes, baby, yes!" I exclaimed.

For a split second I forgot about our visitor because another much harder orgasm was shaking me, and then Cal was growling as he came, too. And from the hall I heard a soft exhalation of joy that brought a smile to my face, followed by the scurrying sound of feet retreating.

"Did you hear something?" Cal asked, dropping to the bed beside me.

"I thought maybe, but I guess not," I said with a small snicker. I'd tell him all about it later. For now, it was my little secret.

-P.F., Seattle, Washington

WORKING IT

Clara and I dropped our bags in the foyer of the hotel's honeymoon suite. It was a one-bedroom beauty with a balcony overlooking the ocean. The owner of the resort for which we'd been hired to create a marketing campaign wanted us to stay in the luxurious accommodations. Together. He felt sleeping on the king-size bed surrounded by dramatic swoops of netting and waking to the sun rising over the ocean would inspire us to do the best job possible. The message he wanted to express was that romance could be found in every corner of the sumptuous

resort. But even if I believed that to be true for the vacationers, I didn't expect to experience it firsthand—but I'm sure glad I did.

I wandered around the set of rooms, taking in the large bed swathed in soft white sheets. A massive whirlpool tub sat in the corner of the bedroom on a tiled platform. Clara and I quickly decided there was no reason one of us should sleep on the couch; the bed was plenty big for both of us. And after a long day of meetings, we elected to skip the resort's bar and have a couple bottles of wine sent up instead. I made the call to room service, while Clara unpacked and settled in.

After a surprisingly short wait, I ran to answer the knock on the door, ushering the steward into our suite. After he poured a healthy dose of wine into each glass, I slipped him a tip and knocked the door shut with my hip.

Clara called out from the bedroom. "Makayla, you have to check out this tub! It's glorious."

I took a big swallow of wine as I hurried toward the bedroom. "I'd love to. Let me grab my bathing suit," I shouted as I burst into the room with both of our glasses in hand.

"Why would you need to do that?" asked Clara who was already submerged.

Jets agitated the bathwater, the bubbles making it difficult to see below the surface. But there was nothing to conceal Clara's perky, round tits bouncing above the waterline. My mouth grew dry, my tongue felt stuck, and I struggled to speak. Wine sloshed over

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the side of my glass, and I realized my hands were shaking.

"I've seen the way you look at me, Makayla," Clara said softly. "We're attracted to one another. Why not act on our feelings?"

My heart pounded in my ears. "You've noticed me looking at you?" I licked my lips, nervously awaiting Clara's reply.

She laughed. "Only because I've been spending all my time looking at you the same way."

I approached the tub and placed the wineglasses on the edge. She picked up hers and took a sip.

"Mmm," Clara purred. "This tastes good, but I bet you taste better." She put down her glass and pointed her finger at me. "You'll need to take those clothes off if you're coming in."

My cheeks grew hot as Clara fixated on the cleavage peeking out of my blouse. I tugged my skirt down my legs and kicked it away before taking a step up onto the platform. Clara's steely-gray eyes gleamed with predatory delight as I unbuttoned my top. I reached around my back to unclasp my bra, letting it dangle from my shoulders. Then I bent over to push down my thong. The motion sent my loosened bra sliding down my arms, exposing my breasts.

Clara pushed herself through the water and stood before me. I gasped when her wet fingers slid across my breasts. She rolled my erect nipples between her fingers.

"Pink like bubble gum. I wonder if they taste like it, too."

Clara leaned closer to my chest. Her tongue darted out to swipe across one of my nubs, a quick flick that left me aching for more. Clara smiled. "I was wrong." She took another more leisurely lap, allowing the sultry tone of her voice to hang in the air for a moment. "They're even sweeter!"

Her hand closed around my wrist, and she tugged me down toward her. It was the pull I needed to entice me into the hot



"THE HARDER I PRESSED AGAINST HER G-SPOT, THE TIGHTER CLARA'S PUSSY BECAME."

water. The tension in my muscles melted instantly. I snuggled close to Clara, my eyes pinned to her cherry-red lips.

"Do it," she whispered. "Kiss me."

I couldn't resist her any longer. I brushed my lips across hers. As my confidence grew I kissed her harder, letting my tongue tangle with hers. My hand slid down her back, then glided along the curve of her hip before settling on her thigh. My fingers lay close enough to brush against her clit as we kissed, and I relished the way she shivered when I teased her swollen bud.

I sucked Clara's tongue into my mouth and used my free hand to pull her head closer, crushing her lips hard against mine. My fingers curled into her hair while those of my other hand continued to massage her clit. She shuddered when I slipped a finger between her folds, her

wet heat seeming to suck me in.

I pumped my finger into Clara, pressing against her inner walls until she moaned into my mouth. I tugged her bottom lip between my teeth, gently biting down and loving her little whimper. Then I released her, nipping her skin before soothing it with a kiss.

My hand slid from Clara's hair to her breast, grazing the soft underside before cradling her tit in my palm. My thumb brushed over her bud, toying with the erect nub of flesh. Out of her mind with lust, Clara tilted her head back and sighed with approval.

Her pert nipples were irresistible. I needed to taste them—to tease them with my tongue until she was so wild with need she'd beg me to put my mouth to better use down below. I sucked her nipple, lightly grazing the sensitive nub with my teeth. I released a sigh of my own when her fingers wound through my hair, tugging it. The bright little burst of pain only stoked the need burning in my belly.

Clara groaned. Her hips bucked against my hand, her pussy tightening around my fingers. She was panting and squirming uncontrollably. I gave Clara's nipple another pinch and then shifted her onto my lap. This new position enabled me to really work her clit while I finger-fucked her. My thumb circled her pulsing bud, coaxing another moan out of her. She impatiently slammed her hips against

my hand, furiously and rhythmically. I curved my fingers upward, targeting that delicious sweet spot in her body that would trigger a mind-bending orgasm.

The harder I pressed against her G-spot, the tighter Clara's pussy became. I could feel the waves of pleasure as they crashed over her. Every pulse and twitch rippled around my fingers. It was intoxicating.

I stood, pulling Clara up with me. Water droplets rolled down her breasts, dripping off her nipples before following a path to the apex of her thighs. My tongue followed the same route, skimming along her dewy skin until I reached her clit.

I circled the bud, absorbing her throbbing need. Then my tongue wandered downward to lap up the delicious juices clinging to her puffy pussy lips. Her moans echoed throughout the room. That was my cue to slide my fingers back inside her, and her pussy gripped me, pulling me in deep. Her body began to shake as her orgasm claimed her. She rode out her pleasure, and I kept fucking her, determined to draw out her bliss for as long as her body would allow.

When her last tremors finally subsided, Clara's eyes fluttered open. She sighed and said, "That was incredible." She pulled me up to face her, brushing her lips across mine. "But now it's your turn."

Her hands gripped my waist, easing my body onto the edge of the tub. Clara pushed my knees open, spreading my thighs so wide I could feel cool air sweep across my hot pussy.

Her lips latched on to my clit, humming a rhythmic tune that instantly soared to the top of my chart. Her nonstop buzzing made my body quake and my muscles tense. I rocked my hips against her mouth and rolled along with the shock waves of ecstasy cascading throughout my body. Electricity seemed to spark through my veins, radiating through me until my whole body was alight. I gasped as the first wave of orgasmic pleasure washed over me.

Clara's humming was complemented by her tongue beating a syncopated rhythm of quick little flicks across my clit. My hips jerked against her mouth, and the world seemed to fall away. I sagged against the wall behind me as a symphony of sensations overwhelmed my body.

Another jolt of pleasure from her tongue on my clit made my eyelids flutter. It was a struggle to remain focused on the world around me. But I wanted to see her. I wanted to watch Clara strum her tongue across my pussy, to commit every moment of this erotic tryst to memory.

I forced my attention to stay locked on Clara. The jets from the tub were directed right at her breasts, making them jiggle in the most delicious way. I licked my lips, already remembering how Clara's nipple felt against my tongue. Then she slipped a finger between my folds, and I was lost. My eyes slammed shut, my muscles and my focus both turning to mush as she probed me.

While my body grew limp, my pussy became impossibly tight, greedily pulling Clara deeper. She drove into me again and again, fucking me hard and fast. A groan tore through my chest, pitching my body forward as an orgasm consumed me. My hands fell onto Clara's shoulders.

Even as my breathing returned to

normal and the world stopped spinning, my pussy continued to pulse around Clara's digits. She slid them out slowly, pausing to look me in the eye before popping a finger into her mouth.

"Mmm," she moaned before pulling the finger from her lips with a pop. "Delicious."

Clara nestled her head between my thighs and took another languid lick of my slit. The aftershocks of my orgasm lingered, and my clit pulsed hungrily, eager for more. Clara answered my body's call. A few more licks and flicks and I was gone again, my vision blurring as another orgasm claimed me.

We went on like that all night. Licking, sucking and fucking until we fell asleep. It was the best work trip I've ever had.

—M.K., Jacksonville, Florida

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LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME

■ ENDGAME

The hot chick was being a pain in the ass, and she knew it. I had been coming to the park's basketball court when it was empty specifically to shoot alone. A month ago, I'd narrowly missed the cut to be on a semipro basketball team, and that still stung. Sick of competition, I wanted to work out my frustrations by myself.

But the taut, tight, distractingly attractive young woman kept showing up. She would dribble her own ball around me, flexing that supple body and showing off her moves. She challenged me repeatedly to a one-on-one game.

"Come on! Don't be a wuss. Play me!"

Under other circumstances I would have flirted up a storm with her. She had a fierce grin and a bouncy halo of natural hair. Her dark skin was smooth, her firm tits nicely molded by her jersey. She was lean and muscular and moved with a wiry ease.

But I was soured on competitive b-ball for the moment, and her smartass talk annoyed me.

"Afraid of getting your butt kicked by a girl?" she sassed, making a deft jump shot while I glared.

"This court's got two ends. Why don't you go play at the other?" There was no one else around.

She was wearing snug shorts that showed off her shapely ass. "We could play for stakes," she said, flashing that dazzling, insolent grin.

"Look, I was almost on a semipro team—"

"Almost?" she teased.

That really pissed me off. "You want to play me? Fine. These are the stakes. If I win, you leave me the fuck alone."

"That's stupid. If you didn't want me around, you wouldn't be all flirty with me." She giggled.

"I'm not being flirty."

"Yes you are, even if you don't know it." She stepped closer, eyes smoldering.

"You want me so bad it's making you say stupid stuff. You want to do nasty things to me, I can tell."

It was like a hypnotist's power of suggestion. Instantly, shameless fantasies sprang into my mind. I imagined myself with this woman, working out my tensions in sexual gymnastics that were nasty, indeed.

"See?" she said, like she was in my head.

"Okay," I said hoarsely. "What stakes you got in mind?"

She tilted her head. "If you win...you get to fuck me up the ass. If I win, I'll leave you alone, just like you said you wanted. Get it? Just lose to me, and this court's all yours."

She was diabolical. I pictured plundering that perky ass. The thought got my balls humming and my cock stirring in my shorts. She grinned down at my crotch.

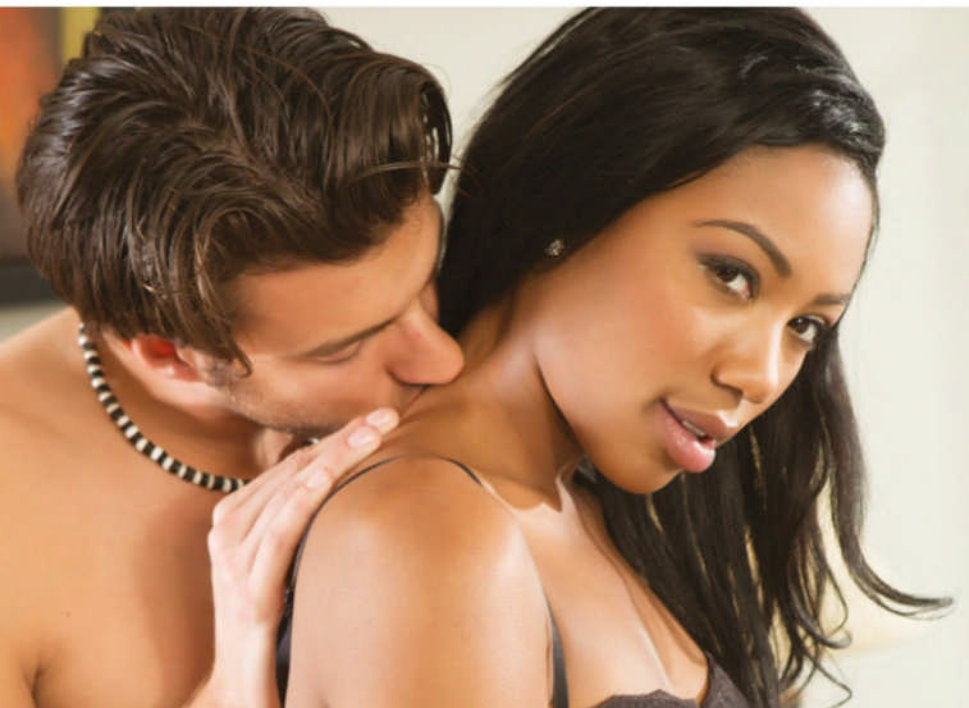
What could I do? It was game on.

I told myself to let her win, then I could go back to brooding all alone with my ball. But she played aggressively, getting right up on me as I perfunctorily blocked her shots. Her cutthroat moves started waking the old spirit in me. I began to play her for real, and this only upped her already impressive game.

She had a mean layup, a wicked hook, and a pretty devastating bank shot in her repertoire. She'd gotten ahead early when I was dogging it, but she was holding that lead even as I tried to catch up. With my competitive instincts alive again, I went full-tilt, but she was just a couple baskets away from winning and obviously wasn't throwing this game to me.

Sweat basted my back. It shone on her forehead. Our feet pounded the outdoor court's pavement. I blocked three of her shots in a row and made my final bucket. Victory was mine!

We stood there panting, hands on knees. I looked up after catching my breath. "You're a hell of a player."





"That semipro team was dumb not to pick you up."

It was a damn nice thing to say. We had competed, and I had respect for her now.

"Listen," I said, "forget about that silly bet—"

"It isn't silly." She moved closer till her face was inches from mine. "I said you could fuck my ass if you won. Did it occur to you that I want you to do it?" Her eyes danced with sexual promise.

Desire returned to me in a flood. She lived two blocks away. We walked toward her place. On the way I introduced myself, and she told me her name was Nita.

Entering her apartment, she said, "I'm still all sweaty from the game. You want me to shower first?"

I caught her arm and pulled her to me. "I like you sweaty." We kissed, her lips melting eagerly against mine. Our tongues tangled, and I felt the sinewy strength of her body. She jammed her crotch against mine, rubbing on my growing bulge.

Smiling, she led me into her bedroom. Pro-basketball player posters adorned the walls. She was old enough for what

"I FELT THE CINCHING, TENDER WARMTH OF HER. SHE LET OUT ANOTHER GRUNT OF PLEASURE."

we were about to do but still young enough to have a shot at the pros.

She pulled off her jersey, and I gazed at her luscious tits, the dark nipples coming erect before my eyes. She peeled off her shorts, and I beheld her in all her naked glory. Her athletic physique got my pulse thumping; my cock was fully hard.

As she bent toward a nightstand drawer, her beautiful ass was presented to me. Her bottom was the classic heart shape, with an extra firmness that came from lots of physical exertion. Her body was in incredible condition.

Still turned away, she squirted lube onto two of her fingers. Looking at me over her shoulder with a seductive smile, she put those gleaming fingertips on the exposed dark pucker of her asshole. Slowly, she started to rub the goop around her rear entrance.

"You ever fuck a woman in the ass, Jed? I mean a woman who really likes it, who can appreciate it. Want to know what turns me on so much about it?"

I watched, stunned, as she sank the tips of both fingers into her hole. A wave of pleasure broke across her pretty features.

She grunted, sliding the fingers in up to the first knuckles. "I like the vulnerability. A pussy is built to handle a cock. But when a man gives it to me up my ass, I feel it differently. I'm exposed. I feel almost...defenseless. I spend so much time practicing on the court, competing, defending myself. Anal sex is when I can totally let my guard down." With another grunt, she jammed her two fingers all the way in, twisting them around and slickening herself up.

When she pulled those fingers free of her glistening asshole, she went up onto her bed, positioning herself on her hands

LETTERS

↘ BOOTY TIME



and knees. Again, she looked back over her shoulder at me.

"Do it, Jed. Put your cock in my ass!"

I shed my clothes in a fast break. My cock was throbbing steel. I moved in behind her, planting my knees on the bed. The outsides of my strong thighs pressed against the insides of hers. Her sweet butt awaited.

I set my cockhead against her slippery hole. That first contact sent shivers through me, raising gooseflesh on my limbs. I swirled my swollen crown over her crinkled ring. Her taut body rippled with reaction. I could see she was serious about her love of anal.

Her pucker opened up when I pressed on it with my cockhead. That lovely ring seemed to swallow the tip of my cock. Immediately, I felt the cinching, tender warmth of her. She let out another grunt of pleasure.

I eased myself in slowly, her lube-slick passage accepting me. I had the perfect view of my stiff staff sinking deeper into the crevice separating the dusky halves of her fine ass. My veiny inches gradually disappeared inside her.

Finally, with a last wriggle, I was all the way in, buried balls-deep in Nita's backdoor. She gripped me like a velvet fist. I cupped the tight hemispheres of her butt in my hands and felt the deep, intense, precarious connectivity of the penetration. She was right. There was a vulnerable exposure in this act.

"I SLAMMED HER BUTT HOLE, JAMMING MYSELF INTO HER DEPTHS WITH EVERY PLUNGE."

"Yeah, baby, you're in! Now fuck my ass—hard."

The fingers of my gently cradling hands sank into her firm flesh like claws. A wicked grin split my face. I pulled halfway out and rammed back in, to see if she was serious about a rough ride.

She cried out, "Yeah, yeah—harder!"

I started plowing her. Her channel gave me no resistance, but the velvety tightness remained. I was aware of the slight oddness of the angle, but that only added to the exotic thrill of the moment. I'd fucked women in the ass before, but it was like Nita had said—they weren't ones who liked it the way she obviously did.

On her hands and knees she writhed with pleasure. Her backbone undulated. Solid muscle clusters flexed as she reached between her

legs to stroke her clit. Her head whipped from side to side, and a growl was rising in her throat, the pitch going higher and higher.

I slammed her butt hole, jamming myself into her depths with every plunge. Suddenly, she was twisting like crazy, tumbling into a wild climax as she howled with orgasmic triumph. My cock slipped free as she collapsed facedown on the mattress.

She didn't lie there more than a second, though. With admirable nimbleness she flipped herself over onto her back. She grinned, raised her knees toward her shoulders, and said, "Fuck my ass till you come. I want to watch you!"

That sounded good to me. I shifted and slipped my twitching cock into her asshole once more, taking her back passage from a new direction. Sweat gleamed on Nita's heaving tits as I stroked into her again. She dropped her tight calves over my shoulders, crossed her ankles behind my neck, and pulled me closer, deeper into her.

I fucked that ass with all the urgency and force she wanted. I pounded her hole, and if she felt vulnerable and defenseless, those conditions only turned her on more. She grunted, moaned and writhed, her face contorting with ecstasy as she began to finger her cunt once more.

It was like delirium at the end. I hammered into her, losing all sense of control. Distantly I felt my balls clench, then I smashed back into the frantic present as my cream jetted into her. The touch of my hot spunk seemed to send her into a last fit of demented rapture.

Eventually, I fell on top of her, and she held me tightly. I was glad I'd played for all I was worth on the court earlier. Whatever else happened in my basketball career, I would savor this particular victory the most.

—J.C., via email

■ NIGHTCAP

Smacking her on the ass is what started it all. Marissa was just about to leave for work. She had on a tight black pencil skirt with a zipper that ran right up the ass. My favorite. It was the perfect skirt to go with her crisp white blouse. She worked in a fancy lingerie store. Dressing up was mandatory, sexiness was even better, and black and white was the color scheme.

She paused in the doorway, turning to try and straighten her zipper.

"Did you mess it up, goofball?"

I stared at that perfect peach of an ass and felt my cock spring to life. At that moment all I could focus on was the thought of sliding slowly into her back hole. Feeling her clench around my dick. Riding that ass until I came. Gripping her hips hard enough to leave marks on her pale skin.

"I, um..."

"Hello, come back to earth, honey. I need to get going. Is my zipper even?"

It was even, but I didn't care. I moved toward her and ran my hands across her lower back before palming her ass. She laughed softly. Marissa is no fool. I made like I was straightening her zipper, but I was really just touching her tush.

"There," I said.

"Yeah, there," she responded, snorting with laughter. "You didn't fix shit."

I pulled her flush against me so that her ass rode the now-hard line of my achingly erect cock.

"I want to fuck that ass," I whispered right up against her ear. I heard her sharp intake of air and felt her body squirm ever so slightly against me. Marissa is a fan of anal, and she's a huge fan of dirty talk. Put the two together and she's a happy girl.

I wrapped my arms around her waist and splayed my hands so that my fingertips brushed the top of her mound. I skated my digits back and forth so she'd feel the friction through her skirt.

"You do?" Her voice was barely there,

and I felt her press her butt against my hard-on again.

"I do. I want to fuck that ass slow. Then I want to fuck it fast. Soft, hard. Every which way." I ran my hands up over her belly and her rib cage and then cupped her breasts through her fancy blouse. "I want to feel it clench around me. Work my dick. Squeeze me until I can't hold on anymore and I shoot."

Her breath was coming fast and hard. She sighed and let her head fall back against my chest.

"But before I do that..." I let the sentence hang there.

She wriggled against me, and I grinned.

"Yeah? What? Don't leave me in the lurch."

"Before I do that, I want you to be good and horny. Out of your mind turned on. So ready for me to fuck you that sliding into you will be as easy as a warm knife through butter. So I'm going to eat you out until you beg me to stop."

I kissed the back of her neck and followed that peck with a sharp bite. Her moan told me she was well past turned on. That and the fact her nipples had turned into twin stones inside her bra.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. And then I'm going to fuck your pussy. Face-to-face with your legs pushed high and wide so I can pound that tender little G-spot of yours."

She turned in my arms so fast I couldn't stop her and grabbed my cock through my pants. She stood on tiptoe and kissed me, her tongue sliding along mine desperately. "Now that my pussy is completely drenched and I'm out of my mind because I'm thinking about you fucking me, I have to go. I really have to go..."

Filled with passion, I kissed her back and then pinched her nipples through her shirt. She gritted her teeth and hissed, but her pupils were dilated and her hips shot toward me like they were



LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME

on a string and I'd just pulled it.

"Go to work."

"I could—"

"Go. To. Work. It'll make it that much better later."

"Said the man who's going to work at home in his sweatpants all day and doesn't have drenched panties."

"Exactly," I said. "Because I don't wear panties."

I watched her head out to her car in her sky-high heels with her cunt dripping wet beneath her skirt—I could tell by the way she was walking. Then I promptly dropped into an overstuffed armchair, pulled my sweats down, took my hard-as-a-rock dick in my hand and started to jerk off.

I shut my eyes and pictured myself unzipping that damn skirt, peeling her out of it, and sliding a finger into her asshole. That simple thought alone got me close to coming. I ran through the entire scenario in my mind as I stroked myself: Eating that sweet pussy. Forcing my fingers inside her.

Her coming so hard she makes that breathless little noise I love. Fucking her so her hips shoot up. Hitting her in all the right places with my cock so her juices run like a river. And then finally, using her own wetness to lube up her backdoor and pushing slowly past the tight star of her asshole to bury myself in her rear passage. I came like a horny teenager, spilling my cream all over my fist as I tried to catch my breath and steady my heart.

Throughout the day I did as much work as I could manage, then took a shower and waited until the hour my beautiful bride—and her wickedly wonderful ass—returned to me.

I heard the door open just as I was pouring glasses of wine. She walked in, took the glass I offered, set it on the table and grabbed my hand.

"Fuck the wine. Come with me."

"I don't want to fuck the wine," I joked. "I want to fuck you."

"Exactly."

In the bedroom she popped the tiny

buttons on her blouse and pulled it off. Then she unhooked her bra and dropped it on the floor. But when she reached for her skirt, I stopped her.

"Let me. I've been waiting to do this all day long." I dropped to my knees and slowly lowered the zipper. I watched it reveal the small of her back, the swell of her ass in her black lace panties, her strong thighs. By the time I got her out of it, my heart was pounding. I turned her and pulled off her panties, tossing them aside.

"Spread your legs."

Her hands came down on top of my head as I ran my tongue along her outer lips and then teased her inner folds. She was soaked and smelled like sex. I found her clit with the tip of my tongue and flicked it. When she drove her hips forward, I did it again. I licked her over and over until she flooded my mouth with the salty taste of her release.

I pushed her back on the bed and moved between her thighs. Sliding into her was as easy as pie. Her cunt gripped me tight, and I pinned her wrists above her head as I fucked her. I buried my face against her throat and bit her hard. She cried out and arched up against me. I felt her pussy clench around me as it rippled with pleasure. Her orgasm nearly pushed me over the edge, but I gritted my teeth and held on.

I turned her onto her belly and plunged back into her cunt, holding myself above her curvy body, fucking her slow and steady. I wanted her to come again, but she shook her head and muttered the magic words that made my already hard cock feel like granite: "Please, just fuck my ass. Please, baby."

I pulled out of her pussy and slid my fingers through her wetness. I pushed my pointer into her ass and let it grip me. When her muscles relaxed, I pushed in a second wet digit.





Her own juices eased the way, and I finger-fucked her slowly until I felt her body loosen and I could move without resistance.

"That's it," she said. "That's it. Hurry."

I wouldn't hurry, but I was eager.

After pulling back my hand, I got up close behind her and pressed my shiny cockhead to the tight bud of her anus. Her body opened for me, allowing me to press the tip in easily. When she moved back against me, I let out a long sigh and sank into her slick heat. Her body captured me in its snug grip. I held her hips tightly, digging my fingers into the meat there the way she liked, and began to move.

At first, my goal was slow and steady, but I'd already done my job; she was beyond turned on. Marissa drove herself back against me over and over again, so that my only option was to speed up my motions.

Her fingers inadvertently tickled at my balls as she played with her clit. I could feel her body growing tense beneath my hands, and with every thrust of my cock she let out a small moan. The noises were driving me insane, along with the way her arm flexed as she stroked her clit.

"Faster, baby. Faster..."

I slammed into her then, putting one possessive hand on the small of her back to steady her. My hips shot forward as her ass milked my driving dick. I bit my lower lip to try and keep my body in check. I didn't want to lose it yet.

Marissa came then, tossing her head back, her long blonde hair flying around my hands and sliding across her back.

"More!" she insisted. She was still

**"SHE UNDULATED
LIKE A WAVE,
SOBBING LOUD
AND LONG AS
SHE CAME."**

pushing back to take me, and I knew she'd climax again. I felt the nudge of her fingers now driving into her pussy. Every time she flexed them, they rubbed my dick from the other side of that thin membrane of flesh.

I bit my lip harder, but this was a losing battle. We were both pounding her holes feverishly, and in no time, another hard and fast orgasm buckled her body. She undulated like a wave, sobbing loud and long as she came.

The feel of her body under the weight of her pleasure, the sight of her, the sounds of her cries—all conspired against me. I held her hips tight as I climaxed with my own rough sound, emptying into her ass as she continued to rock back to take me. Then, thoroughly spent, she dropped to the bed and I followed suit.

"I've been thinking about that all day," she said, smiling at me.

I kissed her. "Me, too. And have I mentioned how much I love that pencil skirt of yours?"

—D.V., Austin, Texas

■ ANAL AGENDA

You're so anal," I said to Mickey as he stood there, gazing at the schedule on his phone. I couldn't help myself. I knew it wasn't the

nicest thing to say to my boyfriend, but I was watching him micromanage our entire weekend getaway, charting out exactly the hour we were going for a walk in the quaint country town, when we were having brunch, what time the wine tour began.

He looked up from the device in his hand, and his gray eyes met mine. "You think so?" he asked.

"We're on vacation," I reminded him, coming forward to run one hand along his cleanly shaven jaw.

He'd been up early as he always was. He'd showered, shaved, dressed in a pressed blue T-shirt and khakis. "Usually, people relax a little when they're on vacation."

I knew Mickey liked to keep things organized. His calendar was intense, both for work and for play. He annotated what was going on in his phone and on a paper schedule—the gym five days a week, poker on Friday, date night Saturday, and so on. I'd hoped going away would change him. Help him let his hair down, so to speak. Of course, he wouldn't literally let his hair down. Mickey has a crew cut.

"Relax," he said, as if tasting the word, savoring the syllables. "Why don't you show me how?"

I thought right then—as I had several times since we'd started dating—that we were the perfect example of opposites who attracted. I wear my long blonde hair loose. Often I tuck a flower behind one ear in the spring. Mickey wears suits in dark colors and power ties. I prefer flowing sundresses, swirls of fabric, scarves I can tie around my neck or waist.

LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME



I tend to jingle when I walk—either my earrings clink like wind chimes or I have an armful of sterling bangles that make music when I gesture.

“Show me,” he said again, and this time, he was leading me back to the bedroom of our suite. I wondered what he had in mind. How could I get him to leave the agenda behind and go with the flow?

That’s when I felt one of his large hands on my ass, and I turned to face him, startled. He winked at me, then spun me around again, so he was behind me and I was looking toward the framed photograph of a sunset over the bed. His hands cupped my ass cheeks through my floral sundress. He palmed both of my taut globes and then slightly pulled them apart, so I felt my asshole being subtly stretched. That was a decidedly erotic sensation.

“What if anal was on the agenda?” he asked, his voice filled with a longing I hadn’t heard before. “What would you think of that?”

We had done a lot in our six months together, but he’d never shown a sign he might be interested in my backdoor. I hadn’t pressed the issue, satisfied by the romance and creativity of our lovemaking in other ways. Mickey enjoyed fucking in the shower. He sometimes woke me up to make love in the middle of the night, the two of us rutting against one another when we were both half asleep. It was dreamy sex, sinuous and sublime.

Now, he was moving me onto the

“HE WAS ROCKETING OFF IN MY TIGHT ASS, LETTING ME FEEL HIS SEMEN SPURT DEEP INSIDE ME.”

mattress, lifting the hem of my dress to my waist, kissing my ass cheeks through my pink bikinis, telling me how beautiful I was. Then he had my panties down, and he was cooing more reverently to my behind.

“God, do I love your ass,” he murmured as he touched me.

I was shocked and elated. I couldn’t believe this was my Mickey doing such dirty things, stroking the valley of my ass cheeks with one of his fingers while using his free hand to manipulate my pussy.

“We’ll miss brunch,” I pointed out as he circled my clit and gathered my dewy sex juices on his fingertips.

“Fuck brunch,” Mickey said.

“We might not make the tour,” I teased, reminding him of the vineyards we were supposed to visit.

“Fuck the tour,” he said. His hand was nearly dripping with my abundant

ambrosia. Talking about anal had turned me on intensely. Mickey could tell for himself I was willing and ready. There was no mistaking how aroused I was. But then he asked, “Have you wanted to do this with me?”

My “yes” was partially muffled by a fluffy pillow.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Well, you seemed so...” I hated to say it again. This was silly.

“Anal,” he finished for me, pressing his well-lubed thumb against my asshole. I whimpered at the intrusion and almost came right then. I felt my body accept him. He started to finger-fuck my anus, and I worked to lower the cadence of my moans and sighs. We were in a hotel, after all. No need to alert the other guests what we were up to.

“Hold that thought,” Mickey said, and he moved off the bed. I heard him rummaging in his luggage, and I was surprised when he returned with a travel-sized bottle of lube.

“Anal was on your agenda the whole time!” I squealed.

He shrugged at me. “I didn’t know if you’d be into it.”

I wanted him to be into me, and I looked him in the eye as I told him so. No more waiting. No hesitant dances. He was going to lube up that monster of a cock of his and get busy with my backdoor. He stripped out of his clothes, and for the first time ever, he didn’t fold them neatly and put them on a chair. He let the garments fall to the floor, discarded and forgotten. His body was so fuck-worthy—hard muscles, lean powerful lines.

As he unscrewed the cap on the lube, I told him plainly what I wanted from him. We were both on the same page; there was no reason to hold back any longer.

“I can’t wait to feel your cock in my asshole,” I said. “Get your dick really wet with that lube and then come over here.”

He said, “You’ve never talked like that before.” He didn’t look shocked. There

was a smile on his face.

"You didn't tell me you liked anal."

"Who doesn't like anal?"

Then there were no words as I watched him do exactly what I'd requested, pouring a generous amount of the liquid into his palm and using his hand to stroke his cock slowly and sensually. He told me to take off the rest of my clothes, and I did so in a flash. He joined me on the mattress, put me on my hands and knees facing away from him, and set the head of his dick against my eager asshole. I sucked in my breath. He pushed. It had been too long since I'd felt that sensation. My body was lit up with excitement. I began to babble, telling him how much I craved having a thick cock in my ass.

"Keep talking," he whispered. "I love to hear you say those filthy words."

"I hadn't told you before," I said, "because I thought you didn't want to. You never even seemed to look at my butt"

"I looked," he said. "You just didn't see me."

"I masturbate to thoughts of this," I told him. "All the time."

"Me, too," he said. So we weren't such opposites after all, were we?

"Fuck my ass," I begged him. "Fuck it hard and fast!"

He put a hand on each of my cheeks and plowed me, and then he was the one to start telling me his desires. "Every time you swish by in one of your short skirts, I want to do this," he said. "I want to lift up your skirt, tug your panties to the side, and fuck your ass just like this."

All those lost moments. All those times we could have been having anal and didn't. I mourned them quietly until he began to move at a more rapid pace. Then I had a happier thought. Now that we were both in erotic alignment, we could make up for lost time.

"Touch yourself," he said. "Touch that pretty pussy of yours."

I brought one hand between my legs and started to work my clit in rhythm to his thrusts. We were going to climax together.

I was determined. I could feel the head of his cock deep inside me. He paused briefly when he had completely bottomed out, letting me revel in the sensation of being so well filled. I contracted my muscles on his cock. He groaned and called me a dirty girl. I loved that. It seemed as if anal sex had opened up all sorts of wonders for the two of us. Maybe we'd simply been too polite in the past to let the other know what we'd wanted.

I found my voice now. "Please," I said. "Keep going. You feel so good inside me."

Mickey resumed pounding me until he reached the edge of reason. "I'm going to come," he told me, his voice raw and hungry. "I'm going to shoot."

"Fill me up," I said, matching his tone. "Fill me up, baby."

Then he was rocketing off in my tight ass, letting me feel his semen spurt deep inside me. That's all I needed. In seconds, I was coming right along with him, the motions of our lovemaking shaking the bed and making the headboard hit the wall.

After that, we were quiet for a few seconds. I think he was shocked by my

filthy mouth. I was transported by this new Mickey. We showered together and redressed. Then I saw him check the schedule on his phone and my heart sank. That was an old Mickey move. But suddenly he tossed the phone onto a chair and said, "You know, they serve brunch for two more hours. You want to try that again before we get something to eat?"

I laughed and led him back to the bedroom.

"This time," I told him, "I'll be on top. What do you think?"

"I think you better pencil in anal for tomorrow's agenda as well," he said. "That is, if you want to keep an agenda. I'm leaving mine open from now on."

-D.F., via email

If "getting there" is half the fun, isn't it twice as much fun when you enter the backdoor? If you have an anal adventure to share, write to us! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department BT, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





HELPING HANDS

AT THE END OF THEIR SHIFT, ALEXA AND JAY ARE HAPPY TO
SERVE ONE ANOTHER'S NEEDS.





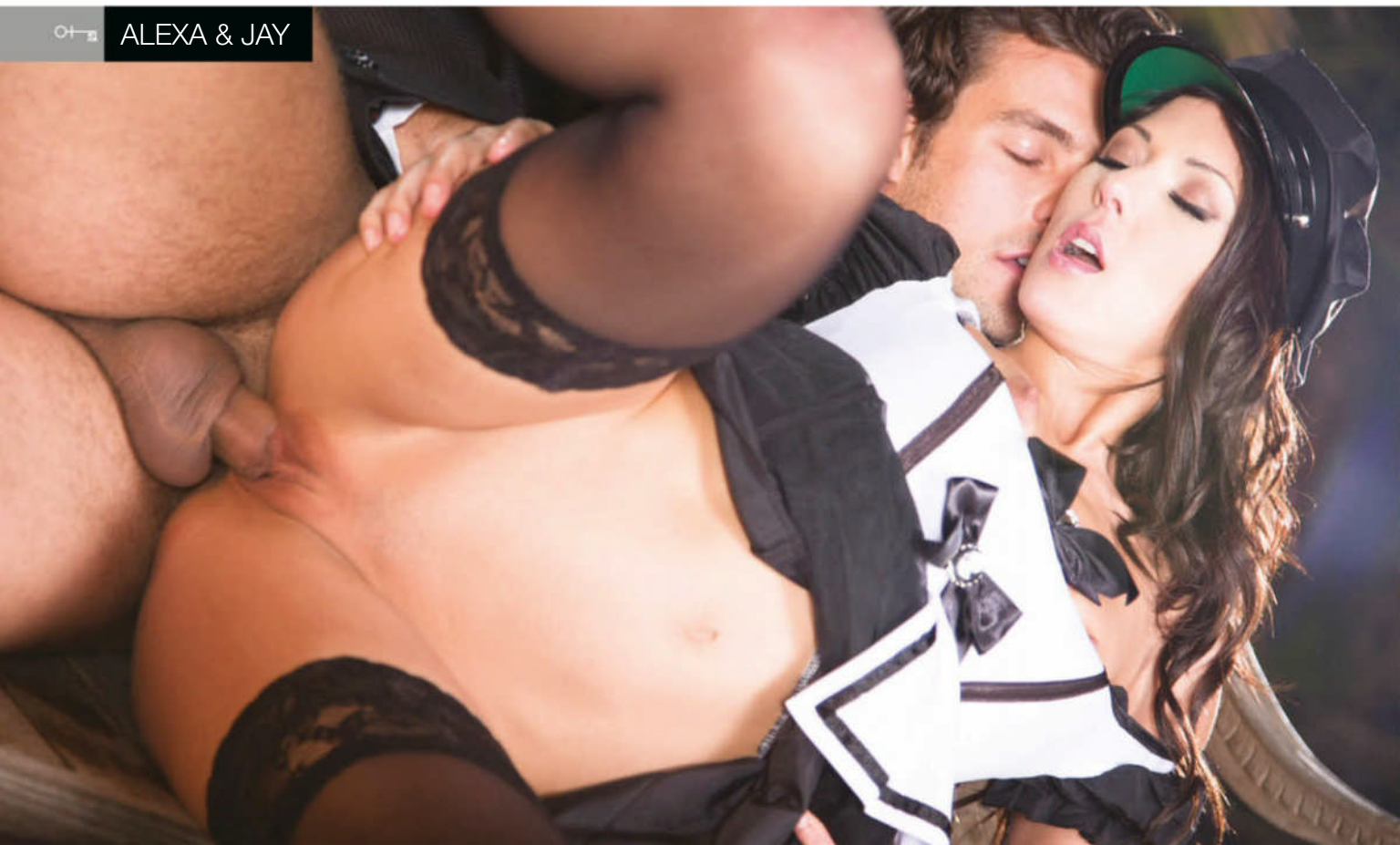
“IT’S MY TURN TO TAKE
CHARGE—AND IT FEELS GOOD!”

—ALEXA















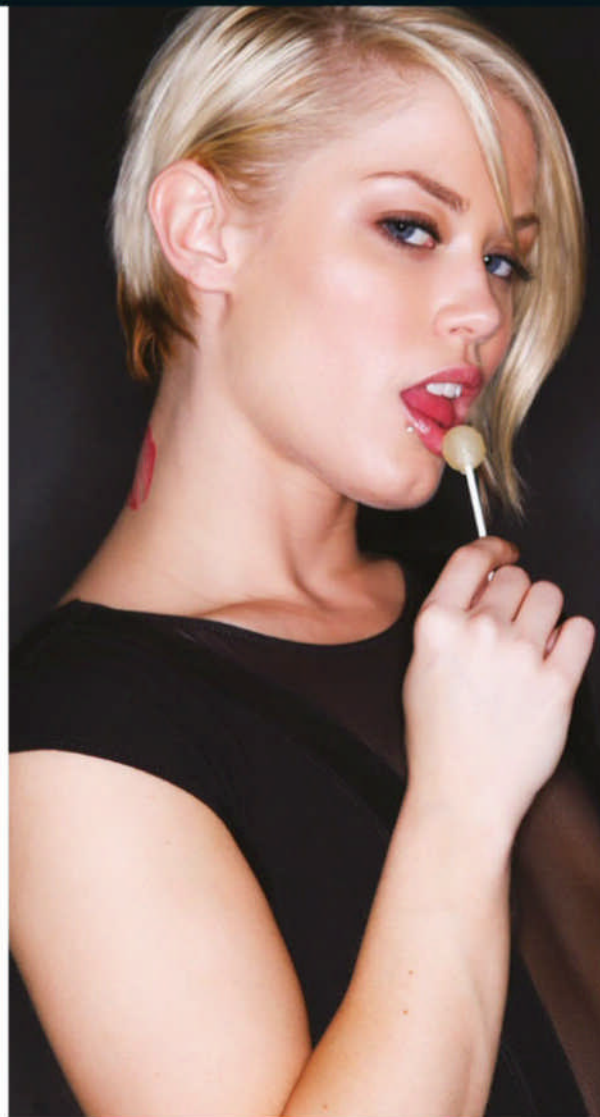






TOP 10

WITH ASH HOLLYWOOD



TOP 10 SEXUAL MUST-DOS

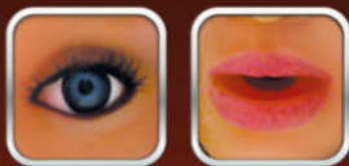
10. Shower sex—get dirty while getting clean!
9. Be a voyeur and watch others in the act.
8. Enjoy some kinky role-playing.
7. Anal sex—giving and receiving.
6. Join the Mile-High Club
5. Use a sex toy—on someone else.
4. Do it in public—without getting caught!
3. Hook up with a stranger.
2. Have a threesome.
1. Attend an orgy.



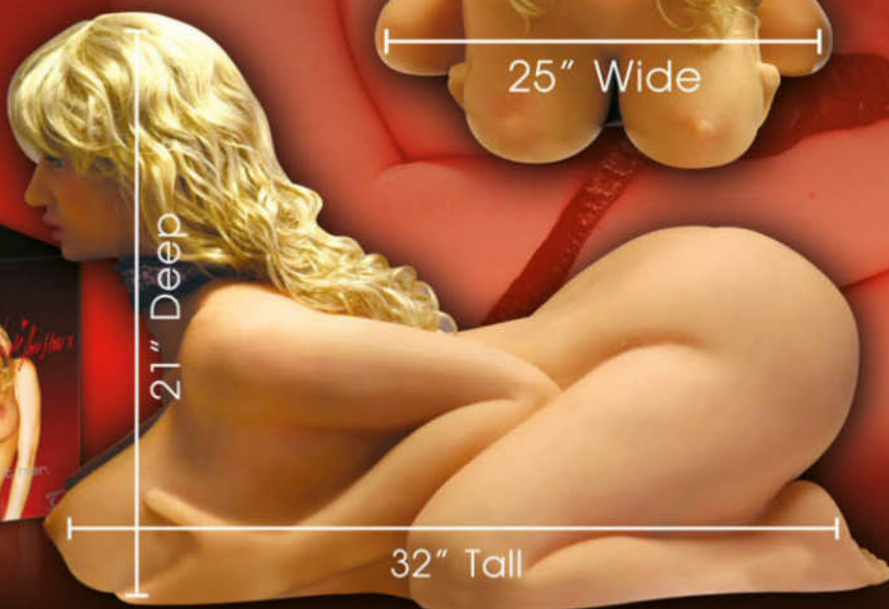
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A woman with long, wavy brown hair is reclining in a black leather chair. She is topless, looking over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. Her legs are raised and bent, wearing black leather boots. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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VARIATIONS

EDITORS' NOTE

Summer's nearly here, and while temperatures are rising outside, it's already plenty hot at *Penthouse Variations*! This month's sizzling selection of stories is sure to put you in a steamy mood.

To get the party started, flip to page 116 and discover a wild trio of tales from people sharing their favorite fetishes. From glove love, to leather chaps, to always beautiful boots, these erotic confessions are anything but ordinary.

For fans of BDSM, we have Stephen Banks' "Standing Pretty," about life with a spank-happy mistress, and sexy showoffs will enjoy Jennifer Daniels' "Orgasm Camp," in which a devoted city slicker discovers what's so great about the outdoors.

There's plenty more dirty fun to be had in *Wide World of Variations*, with creatively adventurous couples and one lucky guy who stumbles into the best threesome of his life!

Have a story to share? Email it to: letters@penthouse.com and you may see it in print!

—The Editors





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Skin Diamond by Steve Diet Goedde



■ GLOVE LOVE

I was Horny. Yes, with a capital “H.” The truth is warm weather does something to me. As soon as the summer sun hit the midday point, I found myself liquefying, stretching and bending, craving hot rubbery action. That’s when I donned a sweet little cherry-printed sundress and headed to the grocery store.

A cool breeze chilled me from the first step into the air-conditioned environment. I was drawn to my favorite aisle as if pulled by an invisible band of elastic, one that would snap if I tugged on it. I found myself standing in front of the display of rubber gloves, almost unconsciously licking my lips as I perused the different styles.

There was the traditional type: lemon-yellow and made of heavy-duty rubber. Then there was a jokey set: bright pink with a painted diamond on the ring finger of the left hand and feather trim adorning both cuffs. But the gloves I reached for—the ones that wanted to come home with me—were a riot of vibrant colors. The three pairs came in one pack: purple, cobalt and rose. These gloves would never touch water, wouldn’t help scrub dishes or be put through any normal cleaning paces.

Clutching the package, I headed down the aisle, and that’s when I felt someone watching me. I’d been lost in my own haze, floating on endorphins as I fantasized. I had a plan for those gloves: to go home, get naked and stroke myself all over with the sensual rubber. But when I sensed someone’s gaze on me, I turned and saw a woman my age, mid-20s, with short blonde hair and fierce blue eyes. Standing a few feet from me, she glanced at the gloves in my hand, looked at my face and then grinned.

I had a flash of where I’d seen her before, at a fetish club in the city. She’d been clad head-to-toe in rubber—a red latex dress, rubbery stockings and shiny

boots. I’d wanted to get close to her, but I’d been on a date that night, and she’d slipped away before I could snatch a moment to talk to her.

Now in the grocery store, she stepped closer and said two simple words that told me everything I needed to know: “Express lane.”

I nodded, and we hurried together to the checkout. I wondered what had been on her list. It was obvious what I was after. We exchanged names in line—I told her I was Linda; she said she was Cici. Then we bantered a bit about ladies we both knew. She’d dated a friend of mine long ago. I’d gone out with one of

**“I SUCKED ON ONE
LATEX-SHEATHED
POINTER WHILE
SHE URGENTLY
FUCKED ME WITH
ANOTHER.”**

her coworkers. Finally, I was able to pay, and the two of us headed out into the sunlight. I was bouncy with glee. I’d planned a Sunday afternoon of solitary lust, but suddenly I was in for something special!

Cici followed me to my place, and as soon as we were in the door, she started telling me what she wanted.

“You strip,” she said. I took off my clothes in a flash. “Give me the gloves.”

I followed her directions precisely. She slid on the purple pair, and then she did something that made my heart race and my pussy throb. She slid a rubber-clad finger between my juice-slurped nether lips and slipped one from her free hand into my mouth. I sucked on

one latex-sheathed pointer while she urgently fucked me with another. As I felt her plunge inside my cunt, I breathed in deeply, inhaling the heady perfume of fresh rubber.

Cici really knew her way around a fetish—and a woman’s body. In almost no time, she had me writhing on the cusp of an orgasm, fingering my clit with a precision that would have left me begging if my mouth hadn’t been full.

Yes, I’d already been in a hyper-aroused state at the store. I’d been at the end of my tether, as it were, unable to get off that morning with my hand alone. I needed my fix. I’d planned on spending all afternoon alone, playing with myself and some new rubber gloves. Taking turns with one color and the next.

The fact that I’d hooked up with Cici extended my pleasure in a way I hadn’t even allowed myself to imagine. She plucked at my clit, then let one gloved finger press against it as she rubbed hard, tight circles. I leaned back against the wall and spread my legs wide. I was going to climax, and I let her know.

“Do it,” she urged. “Come on my fingers. Then we’ll go to your bedroom and *really* start to play.”

I didn’t know what that meant, but the promise of future pleasure turned me on even more. I climaxed intensely while calling out her name, practically seeing stars behind my shut lids. I felt the lingering aftershocks for several seconds as I rode out my pleasure. Then Cici helped me to my bedroom as my legs were weak and rubbery.

Once we were in my boudoir, she took off her own clothes and handed me a second pair—the dark blue gloves. Together, we stroked one another with our rubber-sheathed hands. She sighed as I pinched her nipples. I moaned when she stroked my ass crack. She lingered at my back hole, making me squirm.

“Push it in,” I begged her.

“Where’s your lube?”

I pointed toward a dresser drawer.

Minutes later, we were both glistening and drippy with the water-based lubricant. We rubbed against her each other, fondling every bit of flesh we could reach. I couldn't believe what had begun as a day of horny solitude was ending with such an orgy of pleasure.

"What made you go to the store today?" I asked as she began to stroke into both of my holes at once—jamming my pussy and ass full of rubbery goodness.

"I needed something..."

"Something," I echoed.

"Something like this."

When she pinched my clit and rammed a finger high up my ass, I came with a sigh—and a snap!

—L.R., San Diego, California

■ RIDE A COWBOY

I don't know why I have a thing for men in chaps, but I do. It's not like I ever went through a Western phase or wanted to do one of those motorcycle guys who zooms past on the freeway. It's just that leather over the denim—or in some cases over nothing at all—really revs my engine. Explaining this desire to a new lover has become something of a hurdle for me, however. Most of your average businessmen—the types I find myself drawn to in the dating world—don't have chaps hanging in their closet. (Trust me, I've checked.)

This is why I was grateful when my friend Gina decided to make her birthday celebration a costume party. I was dating a man named Mitch, and I tossed the idea to him for us to go as a matched pair—that we should pick a costume theme fit for a duo.

He liked the concept, but he wanted a specific example. "You could go as a cowboy," I suggested, silently hoping he'd agree. He nodded, considering the idea and stoking my secret desire.

"That wouldn't be too difficult. I'd just need a plaid shirt, a hat, a bandanna..."

"And chaps!" I interjected. My voice had gone up a level. The words came out more like a squeal.

"Chaps," he mused. "Really?"

"The thing is," I said, "I've always wanted...I mean, I've always fantasize about..."

"About what?" He stepped closer to me, tangling a hand in my long dark hair and pulling me in for a kiss.

"Fucking a man in chaps," I confessed breathlessly after we broke apart. "And blowing him, you know, while he only has chaps on."

The idea inspired Mitch. We went out that weekend and bought our costumes. For the party, I went in cutoffs and a bandana-printed halter. I styled my hair in twin braids. I even wore fringed boots. He did the dude-ranch thing, with a cowboy hat and faded jeans topped by beautiful chaps.

We didn't last long at the party. We were there, and then we weren't, the two of us desperate to get back to his place and fuck. The first thing we did when we were alone was assess each other. He looked me up and down. I lovingly stroked him through the chaps. Then I said, "Please, take the jeans off and put

the chaps back on." That's what I wanted most. He honored my request, but even as he stripped and redressed, he clued me in to his needs.

"You don't take off anything," he said. I heard him, but I didn't pay much attention. My eyes were captivated by the sight of him in those chaps with nothing on beneath. His cock was a hard, steel rod. My pussy was a river of wetness.

Mitch grabbed me and bent me over the bed. I could feel the leather of the chaps rubbing against my legs. He lowered my cutoffs but left them on, bunched across my thighs. He tugged at my braids and grunted nonsense words as he speared my pussy with his dick. I caught sight of the two of us in a nearby mirror. We didn't quite look like a real cowboy and cowgirl, but we definitely looked different from our normal selves. Mitch pumped into me a few times, and once I was certain his shaft was thoroughly slickened with my juices, I pulled away from him and spun around.

"What's up, little filly?" he murmured.

"I need to suck your cock," I answered. He didn't push back on that idea at all. In fact, he pushed forward, eager for me to get on my knees.

I did what I'd fantasized about doing for so long. I opened my mouth and took



VARIATIONS

▾ FETISHISM



■ KNOCKIN' BOOTS

She crossed her legs, and I almost crossed my eyes. Her gams were perfect—long, lean and adorned with black fishnets that seemed to be studded with shards of diamonds. Was that glitter on her tights? The lights in the room picked up the twinkling sparks dancing on her thighs, but it was the boots she was wearing that had me standing up straighter. I imagined stroking those glossy black boots of hers while we made love, her legs over my shoulders so I could turn my head to the side and breathe in the deeply erotic aroma of well-tanned leather.

"Can I help you?" she asked sharply, and I realized I'd been staring, perhaps even drooling.

I was actually supposed to be helping her. I was working the bar, after all, and she was a paying customer. How could I let her know every time she shifted, all I wanted to do was go down on my hands and knees and worship her beautiful boots?

"I think that's my line," I tried, hoping she would be a customer with a sense of humor and not one who would bark at me.

"Then you say it," she insisted. I caught a glint in her violet-blue eyes. She was playing with me. She was aware I'd been staring, and she knew exactly what I'd been staring at. As I watched, she shifted again, one leg over the other, and I felt my dick twitch.

"Can I help you?" I asked. My voice had gone down deep, a growly query that seemed to throb between us with all sorts of sexual promise. Can I help you get off? *Can I help you reach your next world-shaking orgasm?*

"I think you can," she said, "but not here."

I looked at my watch. I had two more hours until the end of my shift. I had the

in his thick dick. His fragrant staff was coated with my heady nectar, and I savored our combined flavors, as well as the scent of the leather. Mitch let me get my bearings before setting the pace by thrusting forward and back as I worked to drain him. The best part of the position for me was placing my hands on his thighs and feeling the smooth hide against my palms. Mitch hadn't chosen a cheap costume. As soon as he'd found out I had a fetish for chaps, he'd made an investment. The texture and aroma of the leather were making me so hot I found myself desperate to climax. I thrust a hand between my thighs and worked my clit as I gobbled his cock.

When Mitch was on the cusp on coming, he told me to bend over the bed again. I tugged my cutoffs down and over my boots, giving him unfettered access to my bare snatch. He felt for himself how wet I'd gotten from blowing him. There was a moment of silence between us, and then he gripped my hips and inserted his dick between my juicy nether lips once more. When he hit bottom, I was rewarded with not only the satisfying feeling of being stuffed full of cock, but also the sensation of smooth leather rubbing against my naked flesh.

I bucked and whinnied, but Mitch held me in place with his strong grip.

"That's my baby," he said as he felt my pussy contract with vise-like spasms, clutching and releasing his dick. "You like feeling the leather against your skin?"

I told him I did—but not so much with my voice. Words had all but left me. I moaned and sighed, and he spiraled his hips so that his cock massaged all those miraculous places inside me. He worked me harder than he ever had before. Dressing in costume had turned him on as much as it did me. When I was close to coming, I pulled forward and repositioned myself on my back so Mitch could take me missionary-style. He pressed himself as tightly to me as possible, making sure the chaps caressed my quivering legs. He let me ride out my climax before pulling out and showering my belly and thighs with his hot load.

"I never told you," he confessed as he rubbed his semen into my skin, "I've always wanted to fuck a cowgirl."

I couldn't help but grin. We'd roped two fetishes in one go, and I was sure we'd break out those chaps again soon.

—S.M., Chicago, Illinois

feeling those were going to be the longest two hours of my life. I told her the time I got off. She grinned at me and said, "And I'm guessing you'll get off again not much later." With that, she scribbled on a napkin, paid her tab and slid off the barstool. Dumb with lust, I stared at her note. Her name was Sasha. She'd left her number and told me to call her.

I watched those beautiful legs of hers in those perfect boots walk all the way to the door. I shook my head, trying to clear my dirty thoughts...but then I saw her outside through the window and knew I had to follow. I hurried to my coworker and said, "It's slow. I have a massive"—erection—"headache. Can you handle the rest of the shift without me?"

Joe didn't look pleased, but he did know I'd owe him. He nodded, and I shucked my apron, grabbed my jacket and sprinted away. I caught up with Sasha at the corner. She didn't seem surprised to see me.

"Can I help you?" she asked, and there was a low rumble of humor in her tone.

"That's my line," I reminded her.

"What's your next one?"

"Your place or mine?"

"That depends, you know." She was staring at me. I wondered what it would depend on. "On proximity," she finished.

"I live across the way," I said, indicating the apartment building.

"Your place," she said, and we were

walking together, hand in hand. I felt excitement growing inside me as I listened to the sound of her boots on the pavement. I live in a third-floor walkup. Those boots of hers click-clacked on every wooden step.

"I saw you looking," she said. "Saw you staring at my legs."

"Your boots," I agreed.

"So you want me to keep them on?"

"Like you wouldn't believe," I told her.

"And the tights?"

"How attached are you to them?"

She stopped me on the stairwell and pushed her body against mine.

"I like them, but I wouldn't mind if you..." Then she took my hand and drew my fingers into the netting. She showed me how she wanted me to tear it. I did exactly as she'd demonstrated, and we both seemed to hold our breath as the fine fabric gave way. The sound of the tearing fishnet made my dick even harder than it had been already.

"I like them," she echoed, "but I'll like them even more in tatters."

I had to get her inside my apartment to avoid the two of us having sex on the

stairs. That wouldn't have been too bad, I supposed. But I wasn't ready to be evicted just yet.

We barely made it into my place, and then we simply went at it in my small living room. She tossed off her lightweight coat and pulled off her dress. I dropped to my knees in front of her and began to stroke those mesmerizing boots. She unclasped her bra and let it fall free. I tore the sparkling stockings until she was standing there in only the boots, a pair of shiny black panties and the shredded remains of what had once been fantastic fishnets.

"Fuck me," she urged. "Fuck me now."

I had her down on the floor, and I continued to palm her boots as I kissed my way up her thighs. She groaned and arched, and her hips beat against the soft gray carpet. Her knees were bent, her thighs spread wide. I pressed my face to the gusset of her panties. She tugged them aside to reveal her shaved split. I licked her clit while still stroking her boots. "Fuck me!" she said once more, her voice a desperate whisper. I was getting to her with my tongue. I could tell.

"I want to touch your boots while I'm

**"I TOOK IN HIS
THICK DICK. HIS
FRAGRANT STAFF
WAS COATED
WITH MY HEADY
NECTAR."**



VARIATIONS

➤ FETISHISM



“I DID AS SHE TOLD ME. I KNELT BEFORE HER AND MY HAND WORKED PISTON-FAST ON MY DICK.”

in you,” I confessed, tearing the panties off her.

We ended up with her thighs over my shoulders, exactly as I'd imagined. I directed my cock to her hole, already aware of how wet she was from my sojourn between her thighs. The flutters of the fishnet fabric enhanced my experience as I drove my cock home. She

tightened and released on my pole while I held her boots. I turned my head and breathed in the aromatic scent of leather mixed with her mouth-watering musk.

“You feel so good,” she purred as I worked her.

“You smell so good,” I countered, unable to stop myself from breathing in deep. Then I did something totally unexpected. I licked her boot. She watched me with wide-open eyes. She didn't tell me to stop, didn't ask what I thought I was doing. I bit the leather, winning myself a tangy taste. She moaned. That was all I needed to free my inner beast. I licked and bit those boots as I continued to fuck her with every ounce of my power. She watched me intently the whole time, and the look on her face, whenever I turned to observe her, was one of total bliss. She was as into me adoring her boots as I was into worshiping them.

Then she said the words I hadn't

even dared to think about or even consider: “You can come on them if you want.”

I froze.

“Really,” she said, and she was starting to move as she spoke, readjusting our positions. My cock slid free of the glorious confines of her pussy. She stood and looked down on me, as disheveled now as she had been pristine at the bar. “Come on them,” she urged. “Jerk your dick and shoot. I want to see you do it. I want to see your cream stripe my shiny boots.”

I shuddered at her words. I was so turned on I couldn't even think straight. Was this really happening? Had I met a sex goddess who not only was too stunning for words but who also shared my number-one fetish? I did as she told me. I knelt before her and my hand worked piston-fast on my dick. I had plenty of lube from her pussy juices to ease the ride. She kept up a steady stream of encouragement, telling me how sexy it would be to see my load all over her leather.

“The only thing sexier,” she whispered, “would be to watch you clean those boots—with your tongue.”

That did it. I came like a firehose, shooting rope after rope of semen across the glossy black boots. Sasha ruffled my hair and stroked my face. Then she said, “Okay, baby. Get to work.”

That was the start of a perfect night...and a beautiful relationship. We make a perfect pair.

—D.J., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Some admire the sleek beauty of a leg encased in nylon or the delicate arch of a dainty female foot. Others get a charge from a well-placed tattoo, and some simply have a passion for panties. What fans your fetish fire? Tell us all about it. Send your letter to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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BAD GIRL

ASH KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH A NAUGHTY
LITTLE THING LIKE COURTNEY.









“THERE’S NOTHING BETTER THAN
A PRETTY LADY ON HER KNEES.”

—ASH



STANDING PRETTY

A submissive swoons for his strict mistress, who knows exactly what to do with her favorite naughty boy.

By Steven Banks

Beginning the day with a hot ass definitely put me in an interesting frame of mind. That Monday morning I stood on the subway. Not because there weren't any seats, but because I couldn't imagine sitting down. At work, I found myself perched on the edge of my office chair. I couldn't comfortably sit the way I normally would have. I craved a cushion, but I was fairly sure bringing in pillow would raise eyebrows among my less-than-kinky coworkers.

"Hey, Steve, why are you carrying that pillow?" I imagined people saying. How would I respond? "Well, Jude gave my backside a proper hiding this morning, so I thought a little extra padding might make the day more comfortable."

Right. That wouldn't cause a commotion.

An hour into my workday, my girlfriend, Jude, called to check how I was doing. No, that's not the real reason. She wanted to gloat. She loves to spank me bright and early on Mondays. She gets a thrill as she imagines me struggling through my day with her handprints on my ass cheeks.

"Sitting pretty?" she asked.

"Standing pretty," I responded, and I was. I'd divided my tasks into ones I could do standing and ones for which I'd have to sit—the latter I planned on delaying as long as possible. Perhaps even until the following day, if I could manage it. That morning, I'd decided to organize my office, spending a lot more time than usual at the filing cabinet and printer.

"Smart ass," Jude snarled.

"Not so much," I said, remembering what had made her put me over her lap that particular morning. She'd woken me with her hand wrapped around my dick. But my mind had wanted to linger in my beautiful dream about the two

of us at a BDSM club in the city that featured a spanking horse. Jude was wielding a cat-o'-nine tails and looking deliciously wicked. I wanted to ride out the last moments of that fantasy. I'd muttered something about "two more minutes," but she hadn't appreciated my response. That's how I'd found myself sprawled across her lap while she'd hand-spanked me before finishing the

**"I HAD HER COMING
LIKE A SHE-CAT,
GROWLING AS
A MAJOR ORGASM
CRASHED THROUGH
HER."**

job with her favorite paddle.

That was one way to wake me up!

She'd punished me until she felt my rock-hard dick pulsing against her thigh. Then she'd told me I could get her off, but I was not allowed to come myself. That was the sweetest form of torture. On her orders, I settled against the cool black sheets—my ass hot and throbbing—as Jude rode me. She really worked me, riding my pole like a madwoman. I had to hold myself in check. She'd warned me not to shoot. If I came inside her, she'd undoubtedly spank me again. Or perhaps she'd do something else. Like make me wear a butt plug to the office.

I managed to hold myself together—barely. Jude reached a blissful orgasm

and smiled at me as she slid off my raging erection with her hair tousled and her eyes bright. I'd passed her test.

"Good boy. You'll get a reward tonight"

"What sort of reward?" I couldn't help but ask.

"Wouldn't you like to know..."

I dressed gingerly. My butt was sore, and my dick was hard. I wished I could blow off work to stay home and fuck Jude all day long. But she was already dressed and heading into the office herself. There was no choice but to wait until later.

What a Monday.

Of course, after lunch my boss scheduled one meeting after another. I found myself sitting down far too often. Every time I moved, I was reminded of Jude's spanking, and every time I remembered, my dick throbbed. Yes, my girlfriend knows me well. She knows exactly how to push my buttons.

Near the end of the workday, she called again.

"How are you doing, baby?"

"I've got blue balls like you wouldn't believe," I told her softly.

"Would you like a little relief?"

"What are you offering?"

"Come for me."

"I'm at work, Jude."

"I know where you are." Her laugh was light. "Come for me."

"You've got to be kidding."

"Are you disobeying?"

Was I? I put the phone down for a moment and locked the door to my office.

"Okay," I said. "I'm back. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to take out your nice, thick dick and work it with your hand."

Hadn't I wanted to do that all day? Hadn't I fantasized about jerking off since I'd felt the first sharp sting of



her paddle against my ass at dawn? I obeyed, wrapping my fingers around my impossibly hard erection as Jude then instructed, "Now tell me how you feel when I spank you."

Christ. She wanted me to talk while I manhandled myself? My darling domme was really firing on all cylinders. In a low tone, I replied, "You know..."

"I don't. Tell me."

"Turned on," I said. My voice was quiet, but my dick was loud. I mean, it was a raging beast in my hand. I could remember in exquisite detail how I'd felt that morning, bent over her lap while she punished me with her palm. Then holding myself as still as possible when she'd traded up for the painful paddle. I had a feeling Jude wanted to hear about the sensations in great detail. The fact that I was at work only added to my mortification.

"Louder," she said. "I can't hear you."

I cleared my throat. I moved as far away from my door as I could. In what was basically a hoarse stage whisper, I said, "It turns me on."

She made a tsk sound with her tongue. She wasn't pleased. What was I supposed to do? Suddenly inspired, I said, "Hold on a second." Then I adjusted myself, took my phone with me and hurried down the long hallway to the stockroom. I shut the door behind me. There were no offices back there. I had more freedom to speak.

"When you spank my ass, you make my cock hard," I said, speaking in a normal tone. Jude laughed, pleased. I continued to explain what my day had been like. "Work is a nightmare. All I want to do is come home and serve you."

"That's my boy," she said. "Now spank yourself."

"Excuse me?"

"Take down your slacks and spank your naked ass for me. Hard."

The stockroom door did not have a lock. I moved so I was standing behind a row of shelves. Would she know the truth if I told her I'd spanked myself but didn't?

"Put the phone down so I can hear the slap."

Damn. She was one step ahead of me. I had a decision to make. I chose Jude. I set the phone on a shelf so I could unbuckle my belt and lower my pants. Then I held the phone in one hand and spanked my ass with the other. My dick throbbed painfully with that single punishing blow.

"Again!" she insisted when I brought the phone back to my ear.

I spanked myself once more.

"Now pull on your cock."

I tugged my dick.

"Harder."

I really worked my rod with my fist. I pushed out all thoughts of potentially being caught. Jude was the only thing that mattered.

"Make yourself come."

But that was going too far. "I can't."

"You can't or you won't?"

I hesitated. There was too much risk in coming in the stockroom. I couldn't make myself do it. Slowly, I tugged my slacks back up and said, "Tell me to do something else."

"Go to the men's room and make yourself come."

That I could do. I took the phone with me and found the room empty. I chose the last stall, and while Jude peppered me with plans of punishment, I gave in to

her demand and jerked off to completion.

"See?" Jude said. "That wasn't so difficult, was it? Now you really will get a reward when you come home."

"What reward?"

"You'll find out," she assured me before hanging up. I fixed my clothing, willed my dick to stay down and behave, and then headed back to my office in a daze. I knew I wouldn't get a lick of work done for the rest of the day. My mind was consumed by Jude, what I'd just done and what she'd promised me.

A reward. My mind whirled. What sort of reward? Something sexy, for sure. Something I'd like. Otherwise, it would be a punishment and not a reward. My thoughts raced until it was finally time to leave.

On the commute home, I replayed sexy scenes between the two of us in my mind. I thought of Jude paddling me with a spatula one Sunday morning. I remembered the different times she'd used my own belt to tan my hide. Thinking of being spanked was its own erotic torture because I had to keep my dick in check. As soon as I arrived home, however, my cock sprang to full mast. Jude was already there, and she had left out a clue as to what I was in for—a wild slippery ride from the look of things.

On the table where I set my keys were a bottle of lube and brand-new anal beads, still in their shiny cellophane package. The beads were purple, dark like wine grapes, and tapered from the size of a large marble to a tiny pebble. My asshole clenched as I stared at them and called out to Jude, telling her I was home.

"You know what to do," she called back.

Damn. I took off my clothes and neatly

VARIATIONS

▶ SPANKING

folded the slacks, shirt and underwear... then I lubed up the beads and prepared myself mentally. I like it better when Jude takes care of that sort of task, as she knows full well. Somehow, performing the act myself is more humiliating, but I know nothing turns her on as much as my total submission, so I relented. I worked slowly, pushing each bead deep inside my hole, one at a time. Then I took a breath and announced, "Done!"

"Not even close," she said.

I looked up to see her standing in the doorway, having approached silently on stockinged feet. I didn't know how long she'd been there. Obviously, she'd watched me put the beads up my ass. I felt my face flush with heat.

"You enjoying your present?" she asked coyly. I nodded. "Show me how much."

I dropped to my knees and crawled to her. She was wearing a sheer dress over nothing, and I pressed my face to the split between her legs and started to lick her through the filmy fabric. She fisted my hair and yanked me away from her.

"You didn't say the magic word," she hissed.

"Please," I begged.

"Please what?"

"Please let me lick your pussy."

She seemed to be considering the request. I waited, almost breathless, desperate to press my face to her once more. I could smell the scent of her juicy cunt. All I wanted was her tang on my tongue.

"What will you do for me if I let you?" she asked. I had to do something before I could do something else? My mind spun.

"You can spank me," I offered.

"I know that."

"I mean, you can spank me right now, while the beads are in me, and then I'll go down on you."

"Would you like that?"

My bobbing dick said "yes" before my mouth did.

"If you'd like that, then how is it

something for me?"

I was flooded with endorphins and having a difficult time putting thoughts into words. What would I do? I'd do whatever she asked. Whatever she wanted. I tried to come up with a brilliant idea; something she wouldn't be able to resist. I wanted to lick her pretty pussy. I wanted to suck her clit.

"You could whip me while I eat you out," I suggested. "At the same time."

She liked that one. I crawled to my clothes and retrieved my belt. With only a little maneuvering, I was able to dine on her sweet snatch while she flicked the leather against my naked skin. She

"WE CLIMAXED TOGETHER, SHAKING THE BED WITH THE POWER OF OUR PLEASURE."

didn't let me take off her dress right away. She made me eat her through the fabric. I got a little too aggressive and tore the sheer shift with my teeth. That won me an especially smart blow, but she sighed blissfully when my tongue met her naked wetness, so I knew she wasn't really upset. Before long, she dropped the belt and hiked her hem to her waist.

"Make me come," she demanded, "and then I'll spank you with my hand."

I did as she ordered, using my fingers to part her pussy lips, then ringing her clit with my tongue and sucking hard. She threaded her fingers through my hair as I employed all of the methods she loves best. I had her coming like a she-cat in heat, growling deep in her throat as a

major orgasm crashed through her. She recovered in no time, spinning me around but keeping me on my hands and knees. Without delay, her firm palm connected with my naked hindquarters. I held myself as still as possible, but I felt my cock dripping pre-come. I was sure I'd manage to stave off my own orgasm—I have incredible discipline—but then she pulled the anal beads out one by one and I was done for.

"Jude..." I groaned, feeling my climax threatening to break. I wanted her to know. I had to tell her...but it was too late. She pulled out the last bead, and I came in a rush, shooting semen all over the hardwood floor.

I felt as if I'd let her down, but Jude didn't say a word. Instead, I heard her rustling behind me. I turned to see her buckling herself into a strap-on harness with an unfamiliar dildo. I watched as Jude transformed herself. With an intimidating faux cock bobbing before her, she sent me to fetch the lube. I obeyed and handed her the bottle.

I should have known the anal beads were only the beginning. She'd opened me up for the main event, and I stared at her hungrily as she lubed her cock from tip to stem. We'd played like this before, but not often. I was taken aback by how beautiful my domme girlfriend was with her dick in place and her eyes so hard and cold.

"Bedroom," was all she said. That one word. I hurried to our room and then waited for her next instruction.

"Bend over the mattress," she demanded, "and hold yourself open for me."

Facedown on the bed, my fingers reached back. I parted my cheeks, and Jude pressed the head of her toy against my hole. I held my breath. She gripped one of my ass cheeks in her hand tight enough to leave marks. I knew I'd be admiring the ghost of her fingers the next day in the mirror. I love when she leaves handprints on me.



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My dick had returned to full mast even though I'd just come. Then there was Jude, so calm and cool. She exuded the type of icy attitude that makes me worship her. Only when she thrust inside me and let out an unexpected sigh did I realize this was as much a turn-on for her as it was for me.

I thought of her going shopping with this night in mind. She would have hit our favorite toy store, searched out the beads she desired and bought a large bottle of lube. I imagined her choosing the perfect harness and then dawdling over the dildos until she discovered the one that best suited her needs. Her needs and mine, I should say, because that dildo was in me to the base.

For some reason—some inexplicable reason—Jude took pity on me. As she fucked me, she reached one hand under

my body to grip my dick. Then she was squeezing me in time with her thrusts, and I was crying out her name and shaking all over. I'd just come on the floor. Now I was going to come on the bedspread, too.


But before I could, Jude pulled out of me and discarded the harness. "I promised you a reward," she said, and to my delight and relief, she maneuvered herself under me. I hesitated, because I know that being in command is her ultimate aphrodisiac. My cock was poised and ready, but it wasn't until I asked, "May I, Mistress? May I fuck you?" that she gave me the go-ahead.

I plunged into her immediately, and her sweet, juicy pussy contracted around me. Jude wrapped her legs around my waist and held on while I rode her. I stared into her bright green

eyes and kissed her plump lips as pleasure ran from me to her to me again. We were connected, a conduit, and when I said, "Oh, Mistress, may I..." she didn't even need to hear me say "come" before she gave her approval.

We climaxed together, shaking the bed with the power of our pleasure, joined as tight as I could imagine. Only after the final flickers of bliss faded did we part.

"You did so well," she said. "I couldn't believe how loud you were on the phone for me today! Spanking yourself like that in your office."

I felt myself start to blush. Not meeting her eyes, I confessed to having been in the stockroom. She gave me a stern look—one I recognized and treasured—and then with a tiny smile she reached for her paddle once more. 



ORGASM CAMP

A city slicker learns to love the great outdoors—thanks to her rough-and-tumble mountain man.

By Jennifer Daniels

When I met Carl, I didn't realize he was a mountain man in disguise. He looked city enough. He was wearing a charcoal gray suit and a deep maroon tie as he casually flirted with me over the polished surface of the boardroom table. No, it wasn't a proper place to be indulging in flirtatious double entendres, but the presentation was dull and he was adorable. He had a briefcase from a high-end leather goods store at his side, a no-frills watch on one wrist and no wedding band on his finger. He piqued my interest—big time.

I caught him sizing me up, and I returned the favor.

"Come here often?" I wrote on a scrap of paper I slid it to him.

"No, but I'm glad I did today," he wrote back.

We spent the rest of the conference exchanging notes. I learned he was a designer at a firm with which my office occasionally did business. There was no buffalo plaid peeking out from under his collar. I didn't catch a whiff of pine needles in the air. Bluebirds weren't sitting on his shoulder.

But now that I think about it, he was gruffer than the rest of the guys in the building. Perhaps I should have picked up on the fact that his hands were rough from physical labor and his beard was scruffier than those of the manscaped metrosexuals in the room. Of course, those telltale signs might have been what unconsciously drew me to him.

There are no more opposite creatures in the wild than a country mouse and a city mouse. I didn't know this at the time, but I'd soon find out.

Carl asked me out to dinner, and I

happily agreed. Over the next few months, we went to museums. We saw plays. Never during our early time together did I spy even the remotest clue that he was an outdoorsy type of guy. Not unless you count the fact that he could hail a cab in inclement weather or work the switch on my electric fireplace.

I wouldn't have even guessed it, and that's why when he brought up camping I wasn't just confused—I was aghast.

"CARL STARTED TO RUB MY CLIT AS HE WORKED ME. HIS FINGERTIPS MADE MAGICAL CIRCLES."

I told Carl three little words I'd never imagined having to say to him: "I don't camp."

"What do you mean, you don't camp? Do you mean you never have? Or it's against your personal belief system?"

I sat back against my plush velvet sofa and dug my bare feet into the deep shag of my cream-colored carpet. Outside, I could hear the siren call of actual sirens. On my walls were framed photographs of the city skyline at night. In a bowl on the coffee table was dried flower potpourri—the closest thing to nature I had in the whole apartment aside from a bunch of silk tulips in an art deco vase in the kitchen, and I didn't think those counted.

Carl was still looking at me, waiting for a response.

I tried to brainstorm a way to put things delicately. "I don't know how," I offered next. That was the truth. The other part of the truth was that I didn't *want* to know how. I love living in a city with 24/7 everything. I didn't think I'd last ten minutes in the wild, where there were no coffee shops, no cable, no comforts of home. It would be too quiet for me. There would be no Chinese takeout, which is what we were dining on that night.

"Think of it as an adventure," he said.

"An adventure," I echoed, helplessly. "Paris is an adventure."

He shook his head. "Paris is lovely. But it's a city. You'd be leaving one city for another."

"What if we went to an island?" I countered. "Snorkeling sounds exciting."

"And then returning each evening to a five-star hotel?" he teased. "I want to see you in a new light."

"What sort of light?"

"Natural light."

I winched. Camping meant no hairdryer, no housekeeping button, no hotel amenities. There wouldn't be any sheets turned down or a chocolate on my pillow. We wouldn't have a hotel minibar filled with tiny bottles of high-end liquor.

"Do it for me?" he pleaded.

I looked into his handsome, hopeful face and thought, *How bad could it possibly be?*

"I promise I'll make it worth your while. In fact," he added, "I'll give you a glimpse of what you're in for."

What I was in for? His words definitely had an erotic connotation. Carl stood me up and peeled me out of my scarlet satin robe. I was naked beneath. He joined me in a heartbeat. On every other night,

we would have headed to the bedroom. Instead, he drew me with him out the window onto my fire escape.

"People might see!" I said, stating the obvious.

"Sure," he agreed affably. "But it's two a.m. And they might not."

I considered his words. Then I considered his cock. That is, I felt him pressing against me from behind, and his dick was fully hard. I knew Carl liked to sleep on the left side of the bed. I knew he woke up without an alarm clock and that he took his coffee black. I hadn't known fucking outdoors turned him on. The subject simply hadn't come up before between the two of us. We hadn't discussed it over cocktails at a fancy nightclub or during appetizers at a ritzy meet-and-greet.

The subject came up now—at least, his dick did, pushing forward and straining to reach me. For a split second, I worried about the consequences of being spotted. I was standing outdoors totally nude, after all. This was by far the gutsiest thing I'd ever done. Then I stopped worrying. Carl was standing behind me but had reached around to finger my pussy. I was so wet, and I moaned as he stroked the tender flesh between my legs. The cool night air kissed all of my most private places. What might have felt chilly on another night was somehow strangely satisfying. My body heat was on high—and my temperature was rising with every passing second.

Carl rubbed his cock against the groove between my ass cheeks, and I felt my pulse quicken. Then he leaned me forward and his cock was in me, stroking into my cunt as taxis rushed by below and the city's lullaby reached us up at our level. I felt oddly invigorated in a way I hadn't thought I would. This was sexy, being outdoors and being naked. This was exotic—fucking in plain sight.

"You're so wet," he whispered against the side of my neck. "I can feel how turned on this makes you."

I couldn't argue. He was right. Making



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“I DIDN’T CARE IF PEOPLE WERE WATCHING. IF THEY WANTED TO, LET THEM WATCH.”

Nothing frilly. That’s not 100 percent factual. My new outdoor jacket was lined in plaid satin. It was half a joke and half an attempt to hold on to my roots. Carl’s roots were clearly rooty, like a tree. Mine were firmly anchored in the city.

He’d told me to trust him. I’d be in good hands. I knew those hands. They’d brought me to my highest levels of pleasure over and over again. I could live anywhere for seven days, right? This was the query I asked myself—and Carl—the night before we left.

Carl was almost too excited to sleep. “You’ll see for yourself,” he assured me. “We’re leaving at dawn.”

Dawn.

I knew I’d hate camping.

“We have to leave as early as possible,” he explained matter-of-factly in the morning, “because I want you to revel in the full experience of arriving at the camp site and watching the whole area wake up.”

I was filled with dread as we headed off, even as I tried to convince myself to be a good sport. But before long, my lover revealed his ulterior motives for our trip. We didn’t even make it onto the highway before he had his hand in my pants. I was shocked at first, then relaxed as his fingers soothed and aroused me. The sky was only starting to light up. The edges of the horizon were aglow with peach and apricot hues. Then there was Carl with his

love outside had me swiveling my body and dripping luscious pussy juices. He held my hips, and I held the railing. Carl’s cock had reached its full eight inches. I could feel the bulbous head deep inside me as he hammered home. We definitely fit well together. He gave me one, firm thrust, and I bit down a cry.

“You won’t have to stifle your sounds where we’re going,” he assured me.

Almost in spite of myself, I liked what he was saying. I’d never been loud before. There was always the possibility of neighbors hearing. I’d bit into sheets and into the palm of my hand. I’d hidden my moans in pillows. In my whole life, I couldn’t recall a single time when I’d screamed out in pleasure.

“Now, just imagine,” he said, “you and me all alone in the wilderness, where

nobody will see. I’ll bounce you up and down on my cock in the middle of a field. I’ll 69 with you in the tent. I’ll hold your wrists above your head and fuck you against a tree trunk. We can be naked all week long. Every single waking moment.”

“We’re going for a week?” I squeaked, city mouse to the core.

“Look out there,” he said, and I gazed where he was pointing, at a skyline lit with pinpricks of light.

“When we camp,” he said, “you’ll see real stars, bask in their ancient light. You’ll love it,” he assured me as he tweaked my clit and made me come. “I promise.”

That’s how I found myself the proud owner of a rucksack packed with brand-new outdoor gear. Hiking boots that had never been worn. Knee socks made of thick, absorbent wool. Nothing chichi.

hand in my black leggings, toggling my clit as if I was one of his favorite games. The only vehicles out on the road this early were big rigs, and as we passed the first, Carl dared me to lift my shirt.

"You're kidding me!"

"Give the guy a thrill."

I flushed, my cheeks growing hot. But if I were to be honest with myself, my panties were wet, too, Carl had seen to that by stroking me just right. The truck went past, and I kept my shirt down.

"Next one?" he coaxed.

"All right," I said, working up my nerve. I wasn't wearing a bra. We were on our way to a campsite four hours north. I'd have no need for lingerie there. When the next truck went past, I lifted my tee. The trucker honked, Carl hooted, and I felt exhilarated.

"That was awesome," Carl commented, looking happier than I'd ever seen him. "I didn't think you'd really do it."

"No?"

"You're so..."

"I'm so what?"

"Well, you're fairly refined."

"Usually that's a compliment."

"Not where we're going," he said. "You'll be able to let everything hang out. Are you ready?" he asked. I nodded. Why not? What would I have to lose?

Apparently, what I had to lose were my clothes. As soon as Carl got us to the camp, he confiscated my outfit, leaving me in my thick white socks and hiking boots. Thankfully, the air was already warm. Carl had chosen our time of year perfectly. Not only was the weather behaving, but the place he'd chosen was picture-postcard beautiful. There were wildflowers everywhere, and the air was filled with their intoxicating fragrance.

Carl got naked, too, and he grinned at me, as if reading my thoughts. At first, I was embarrassed—as well as bare-assed. Then I started to grow not only aroused but intrigued.

"How do you know nobody will catch us?"

He brushed the hair off my forehead



and kissed me. "They'd be trespassing if they did," he said. "My family's owned this plot of land for generations. We have it all to ourselves."

That was good news to me. I relaxed considerably in my nothingness. Carl seemed to appreciate my body in a way he never had before. It wasn't that our sex life had been ho-hum or humdrum. But now, in this natural setting, Carl really worshipped every part of me with his eyes.

He set up our tent while I pattered naked around the site. Then he pulled an air mattress into the grove of wildflowers and tossed me on top of it. I bounced and laughed. He joined me in the center.

Our first lovemaking session was right there, right then, in the middle of the day, in the middle of a field. The sun shone down on us from above, and I could hear the sound of rushing water nearby. It was as idyllic as fucking in a fairytale, and as different from anything I'd ever done as I could imagine. The most outdoorsy

escapade I'd had previously had been our liaison on the fire escape. I remembered how turned on Carl had been that night, with the possibility of people seeing us from across the way or down below.

This was different. Carl had assured me we had the area to ourselves. We started with him on his back and me astride him, rocking my body up and down on his tent-pole of a dick. There were butterflies in the wildflowers. I heard the music of birdcalls. Carl ran his hands over my breasts, cupped them, then rubbed my nipples with his thumbs. I arched and whispered his name, and he slid me off him and took me doggy-style, so I was facing a knot of trees in the distance while he pegged me with his fine, hard cock.

"Oh, God!" I cried out.

"I know!" he responded. "It's incredible, isn't it? You feel so tight, your pussy is so..."

"No, look!"

I'd been staring out at the distance—the

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expanse of wilderness all around us—and that's when I saw the people up on the ridge.

I froze. Carl didn't even hesitate. He continued to drive into me with his fat cock. "They can't see us," he assured me. "They're so far away."

"I thought you said this was your family's property."

"Up until that ridge."

I squinted. I was betting they had

binoculars. I was sure of it. They were watching us fuck! Watching the two of us...

Carl started to rub my clit as he worked me. His fingertips made magical circles. In seconds I was sodden, and suddenly, I didn't care if people were watching. If they wanted to, let them watch. The attitude shift was momentous for me—from shy to bold in a heartbeat. I couldn't fathom what had happened other than witnessing Carl get so turned on by being outside; his enthusiasm had spread to me. Was I a wild woman after all?

"Let them watch," he said, repeating my thoughts. "We're animals, aren't we? Maybe they're interested in nature for nature's sake."

I no longer cared about anything except coming. Carl played out a hypnotic rhythm with his fingertips on my clit, and I murmured cooing encouragements.

"Be loud!" he insisted. "Out here, you can be as loud and as free as you want!"

I hesitated for a second. Could I? I never had. Then I sucked in a great breath

of air and shouted out my bliss.

"That's my girl," he said, egging me on. "Tell me how it feels."

"It feels great!" I cried to the sky.

"What does?"

"Your cock!" Oh, it was wicked, wasn't it? To be shouting out the word "cock" in the middle of nature's beauty? I loved the way that felt. I had never experienced anything like it. Carl wanted me to continue talking. I could tell. So I did, imagining that the hikers on the ridge could hear us. I was now certain they couldn't—mere dots of people up there but I pretended.

"I love Carl's thick cock!" I shouted. "I can't wait for him to stick it in my ass!"

Carl barked laughter at that. It was totally unlike me. I was so loud when I came the noise caused the birds to flutter from the trees. Nothing had ever felt like that before. No fuck session. No experience. I was transformed. That's how I remained for the rest of the trip.

Once we'd christened the air mattress, we took a break for lunch. I was thrilled to learn Carl knew his way around a fire. He made us coffee, a luxury from home I didn't have to forgo. Then he took me on a hike. For this part of the trip, he allowed me to wear jeans and a T-shirt, so I didn't get scratched by branches or burrs. But when we reached our destination, he didn't have to instruct me to strip. I did that all on my own. He'd taken me to a small lake—bigger than a pond or a pool, but not dramatically huge. I wanted to feel that inviting water surrounding my naked skin. When had I last swum in public? I couldn't remember.

This was different from a country-club pool in every respect. I pulled off my clothes. Carl followed suit. Then we skinny-dipped in that deep-blue water as the sunlight glinted everywhere, dappling the surface.

I dove and then emerged, and Carl was right there with me. Soon, we connected—another first. I had never fucked in water

**"WITH OUR
BODIES LOCKED
TOGETHER, I
CAPTURED EVERY
LAST DROP OF HIS
CREAM."**





before. Carl's cock found its way inside me. We were standing together in the shallows, then I had my legs around his waist and he was holding me. We fucked and floated at the same time. I thought of paintings I'd seen at a local gallery: women with their hair loose, floating like water nymphs. I let my hair free from my ponytail. The blonde spirals spread out around me.

Usually, water is the bane of my hair's existence. One drop and my carefully coiffed tresses go from straight to curly in an instant. For once, I didn't care. I'd gladly be Carl's curly girl. I felt buoyant and blissful. Carl's cock persevered through the water and entered my pussy again and again.

Together we floated, connected and parted over and over again. We swam and then came together. Drifted and disengaged. But when the passion became too great, we made a concentrated effort to stay joined. I'd fucked in the shower once with a former lover, but that had been the extent of my aqua erotica. This was such a new experience. I vowed to remember every

wet and wild second of it.

"I'm coming," Carl murmured to me. I held him tight, wrapping my legs snugly around him. With our bodies locked together, I captured every last drop of his cream inside me. Then we parted, his cock slipping from my spasming cunt. I was free, floating and feeling like a lazy mermaid until I reached a warm rock at the water's edge.

I understood now. Carl's talk of the power of the wilderness, of the wonder of the wild, had taken root in my heart. I was won over and felt transcendent.

The days passed like that in a whisper of ecstasy. The weather was warm enough for us to sleep outside the tent. We made love every day, in every position we could imagine. One day blurred into the next, and I found I was more comfortable out of my element than I could possibly have imagined.

Until Carl said it was time to go home. I couldn't believe it.

"The city's calling," he said. "Work. And friends. And email..."

I'd been a 24/7 type of girl. Now who was I? I was no longer sure.

On the last night of our camping vacation, we made love under an inky sky sprinkled with sparking diamonds. The light from the stars was old—I knew that—from several years to several thousands of years. What we were witnessing was the past. But I was undoubtedly in the present. Carl took me on my hands and knees on a blanket we'd spread out at our campsite. As flames crackled and hissed against the logs, we rutted and bucked by firelight.

When Carl reached his finish line, he pulled out and shot all over my back and ass. As his come dried on my skin, I felt smudged and dirty—and I didn't care at all.

But it was soon time go. We'd have showers and freshly washed sheets. There would no longer be wildflowers in my hair.

In the morning, we packed and headed home, back to the sounds of taxis and sirens. Streetlights flickering from green to yellow to red. I watched the pigeons in the park as we drove by. Carl rested his hand on my thigh.

"Pleased to be home?" he asked.

"When can we go back?"

I replied, hoping it'd be soon. ☞



SEXY & SECURE

I caught Ed looking at the bungee cord. I saw the predatory look cross his face as we secured the bed my parents had given us in the back of his truck.

It was hot out, at least 95 in the sun, but a cold prickle raced up my neck and made my scalp tingle.

"Got it over there?" he asked, his voice level.

I tested the cord and nodded. "It won't go anywhere."

We walked hand in hand to the backyard to thank my parents and say good-bye, and then I followed him back to the truck. The entire time my mind raced, remembering that look on his face and wondering if I'd imagined it.

He rested his big hand on my thigh the whole way home. His thumb made sweeping motions against the denim. Occasionally, he'd squeeze, and once he let his hand drift up high to the top of my leg but then dragged it back down toward my knee. By the time he pulled the truck into our driveway, my pussy was wet beneath my jeans and the heat I felt in my cunt was mirrored in my cheeks.

"You're blushing."

"I'm hot."

"Oh, I'll say."

I snorted. "I mean *it's* hot. So *I'm* hot."

He raised an eyebrow as we circled to the back of the truck. "I think you're hot because you saw me playing with those bungee cords. And thinking about what we could do—what *I'd* do—made you hot."

I shook my head, but his smile said we both knew I was lying.

We unfastened the cords, and he looped them up and stuck them in his pocket. Watching him do that made me shift from leg to leg—a big mistake. Every motion made me more aware of my own arousal.

I reached for the bedframe, and he put his hand atop mine. "Let's leave that for now."

I blinked, the tempo of my heart increasing.

"Why?"

"Because I think we need to say bon voyage to our old bed. In style..." He patted his pocket, and instead of racing, my heart skipped a beat. I put a hand to my chest as if that could steady it.

"Ed—"

His jaw went tight, and his eyes appeared to flash a darker blue in the sunlight. "It wasn't a request."

A small needy sigh escaped me, and I turned on my heels, feeling the sun beat down on my bare shoulders, and headed to the house. All the while my brain fixated on the elastic cords in his pocket. And what he wanted to do with them. With me.

In our bedroom, he stood and stared at me before placing a fingertip on the shoulder strap of my tank. I immediately pulled the shirt off and dropped it on the floor. I didn't need instructions. I knew how this game worked. He touched my bra, and poof, I made it disappear. His fingertip dragged over the brass button on my jeans. I popped it, unzipped, and pushed the pants down before kicking them away. Next, he trailed his finger along the cleft of my sex through my thin cotton panties. I moved to take them off, but Ed shook his head. He pushed them down himself, took my hand, and helped me step free of the tangle of fabric.

"On the bed," he said.

I dropped to the mattress and laid there trying to breathe.

"Pretty wrists together."

I put my wrists together and clasped my hands in front of me. Ed began to wind the bungee cords around my wrists and up my lower arms. Not too tight, but not loose enough for me to escape. He moved me to the center of the bed, put a pillow beneath my ass, and then left the room.

Before long, my arms ached to move and my heart was hammering. I wanted to twist; I wanted to scratch my nose. I wanted to get up and find him, which is exactly why he did what he did. The downtime, the limited ability to move. The situation made me anxious, but it also made me wet.

The sounds of him puttering in the kitchen were maddening. He was making a drink. Or a fucking sandwich. Something. When he finally walked back



“HE WORKED A FINGER INTO MY ASS, AND I JOLTED. HE CHUCKLED AND PUSHED DEEPER.”

in the room, I was chewing the inside of my cheek to keep from screaming for him.

Ed took one look at my face and gave me a wry half smile. He moved toward me and then over me, dipping two fingers into my cunt. “Wet,” he said. His hand then moved to press against my breast above my heart. “Fast.”

I just stared at him, my teeth worrying my lower lip.

“And you did well. No panic and no meltdown like the first time. You know, I love to see you wrapped up like a gorgeous present.” He lowered his face to my belly and swept his tongue across it; my abdominal muscles contracted from the stimulation.

“I think you deserve a reward,” he murmured, his mouth tracking a hot line down my inner thigh. When he settled on my clit, my breath caught. The waiting, the worrying, all the fighting of my own nature had put me in a place where a single swipe of his tongue made my hips shoot up.

He abandoned my clit and worked me with his tongue, knowing every place to lap, to nudge. My hands warred with each other, bound together as they were, and I was unable to reach out and thread my fingers through his hair the way I wanted. I was at his mercy, and he made it known by teasing me and changing his rhythm. He swiped his tongue around my outer lips and avoided my clitoris.



“Please,” I said. “Ed, please...”

He took mercy on me with a grunt. That noise told me he was turned on beyond the point of patience. He pushed his thick fingers inside me, curling them against my G-spot. His mouth worked me, his tongue teasing my button. I raised my hips and thrashed my bound arms.

I came with a fierce cry, and he continued to lap at me. My body danced in response to the stimulation of my overly sensitive flesh.

“Stay still,” he ordered with a gruff voice.

I stilled myself as he continued to lick me. I held my breath to focus on what he was doing. I was aware when slight discomfort turned swiftly to sweet, freshly bloomed pleasure.

“Good girl,” he smiled up at me from between my legs.

My breath came out in a rush. He went back to my clit, taking his time, until I gave him what he wanted: another orgasm that bent my body like bamboo in high wind.

He didn’t speak; he simply flipped me over onto my belly, rearranged the pillow and pushed into me roughly. “I like that you can’t touch me,” he said, thrusting deep into my cunt.

I moaned, my bungee-wrapped arms

trapped beneath me. My pulse pounded in my throat, my temples, and my poor bound limbs.

But his cock going in and out of me and his words spilling over me shut down the panic and brightened my surrender. I became supremely aware of my cunt. The rush of sensations, the wetness, the tightness, and his body driving into mine over and over again.

“I love when I can just take you. When you’re at my mercy. When I can flip you and bend you and fuck you however I want.” All the words came out in his intense, rasping rumble of a voice.

Goose bumps spread across my back and made me shiver. His hands held my hips and my face smashed against the pillow. My breath was a harsh thing.

He worked a finger into my ass, and I jolted. He chuckled and pushed it a bit deeper. His cock slid in and out of me, his finger mimicking the motion in my asshole. My hands were pinned beneath my hips, and every thrust drove my clit against them. The friction overtook my senses. The manhandling and the fucking and the finger in my ass were quickly propelling me toward unspeakable pleasure. I grew tight around him, and he noticed, hissing slightly.

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"You can come when I say. Not until." And then I was nodding. Nodding stupidly and mindlessly at his instructions as I struggled to hold on. One finger in my ass became two, and the feeling of impossible fullness increased.

"Such a pretty ass," he whispered, pushing them deep.

I gasped.

"Such a pretty cunt," he added, pushing his cock into me roughly so my hair whispered against the pillow.

"So pretty when she's all wrapped up," he said, his breath hot on my back.

"THEY BEGAN TO PLAY WITH ONE ANOTHER, WHILE I JERKED MY SLIPPERY DICK."

I whimpered, a wordless warning that I was struggling. I only allowed myself to do it because my efforts turned him on. Turned him on to the point he'd show mercy and let me get off.

It worked. He pulled his fingers from my back hole and gripped my hips, bucking his dick into me with desperation. When he groaned, deep and long, I almost lost it, but I waited. Waited for the magical words.

They arrived. "Come with me," he said, his fingers biting deeper into my skin. When he slammed into me, climaxing with a harsh gasp, I catapulted right after him, falling down into the rush of pleasure and grasping my hands together restlessly.

He flipped me onto my back and smiled down at me. "I'll take those cords off in a minute. But you have to admit it,



that's a hell of a way to retire a bed."

I nodded, wondering briefly how we'd christen the new one. It would no doubt be just as amazing.

-R.D., Detroit, Michigan

GAME ON!

"Do you need any help?" the cute salesgirl asked me. She had dark brown eyes and a spiky haircut, and I liked the way she hit the word "help" with a little flirty wink for good measure.

"She's already helping me," I said, indicating the redhead who had gone off in search of the slacks I was interested in. When I'd walked into the store, the redhead had caught my eye right away. But now I was staring at this dark-haired pixie, feeling my interest shift.

"Maybe we can both help you." The brunette smiled, and she hit me with

that erotically enticing wink again.

Red returned right then, and I found that speech wasn't coming naturally to me anymore. The girls giggled. I flushed.

"It's my birthday," the brunette said by way of explanation, "and when Tova asked me what I wanted, I said I wanted a ménage with the next hot guy who walked through the door. That'd be you."

I hoped I looked suave. I felt as if someone had just told me I'd won the lottery. Tova chimed in to say, "I didn't think Jane was serious, of course. But then you walked in, and, well..."

"Are you game?" Jane asked.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I'm very game."

That was all it took for Tova to flip the sign on the front door to "closed" and for the three of us to slip into the largest dressing room in the place. I let the women set the pace, practically certain I'd find out this was an elaborate joke being played on me by my frat brothers. How could it not be? I'd come to the store for clothes to wear to a job

interview. I'd never considered, never dreamed that...

Tova started undressing. I leaned against the wall and watched. My dick was as hard as iron in my pants. Jane began to kiss her coworker, and I thought to myself if this was as far as things got, I'd still be a happy man. To my utter delight, it was only the beginning. Jane lost her clothes, and once the women had stripped and made out for a bit, they turned their attention to me. Soon I was as naked as they were, and Tova was in my arms while Jane was on her knees. Before I could fully process my luck, my dick was deep in Jane's throat while Tova's tongue dipped between my lips.

"You like her mouth on you?" Tova whispered in between kisses.

"Yes," I responded, my voice hoarse with lust.

"I like watching," she said, and she indicated that even while we were kissing, she was catching the action in the mirrors. It was as if I was on the receiving end of multiple blowjobs from a thousand women, the way the mirrors reflected our bodies into infinity.

After enjoying the show, Tova wanted a turn, so the two ladies switched spots. Nobody would ever believe me, I realized as I kissed the hot brunette. If I told my friends what had happened, they'd be convinced I'd made up the story. God, I was almost convinced I was dreaming. Then Tova tugged on my balls, and I was sure that I'd never be able to imagine such a sweet sensation. This was real. Really real.

Jane moved so she was facing the mirrors and resting her palms on the glass, and Tova shifted so I could fuck her coworker. I didn't waste time. I stroked Jane between her legs, felt that she was ready for me, and I entered her in one swift thrust. She gasped—or I did. Someone let out a sigh. I think it was Tova. And then I was in motion. Full-speed fucking. I only stopped when the

redhead positioned herself next to Jane. I understood what the women wanted. I moved back and forth between them, dipping my wick in one and then the other. I brought them each to the verge of climax and was on the very edge myself when I told them to touch each other. I pulled back, and they began to play with one another, while I jerked my slippery dick.

On the brink of the best and biggest orgasm of my life, I announced, "I'm going to come," and both women knelt before me. I jetted my load into their open mouths, shooting as much of my semen onto their tongues as I could. A few stray drops dribbled on their lips, which the ladies kissed off one another.

I slumped against the wall in happy exhaustion.

"That was unreal," I said to no one in particular.

"Really? Just wait until we take you home..."

—G.S., Tempe, Arizona

■ SECRET SHOPPERS

"And what are these things?" I asked Michelle.

She glanced up as we enjoyed our favorite activity: rummaging through the clearance section.

"A cheeseboard."

"People need boards just for cheese?"

"If you're fancy people," she said with a laugh.

I studied the slab of wood with a border of bright blue. It was pretty. I'd thought it was a cutting board, but apparently it was for cheese. I held the handle and whacked the flat of the board against my palm. It made a hollow sound. She looked up at me and raised an eyebrow.

"Do that again."

I raised my eyebrow in return but obliged her. This time the sound was almost a meaty thud.

"Come here," she said, crooking a finger.

I went to her, holding the board at



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my side. I had no idea what she was contemplating, but it was a lazy Sunday afternoon and the store was miraculously empty for the most part. Most likely due to the great weather.

"Do that again," she said when our faces were a mere inch apart.

I chuckled but did as she asked, smacking the marled wood against my palm.

She nodded, let her eyes drift shut for a second, and hummed. "Follow me."

She turned on her heels and went back amongst the huge displays of mirrors and furniture. The bulk of the merchandise in this area made the aisles narrow, and we were in suddenly close quarters.

She pushed her body between two humongous mirrors, both taller than her, and flipped up her sundress. She tugged her panties down to her knees and bared

her ass for me. My cock jerked, and my head went somewhere wild and feral.

"Paddle me," she said.

I blinked, but my grip tightened on the handle of the spiffy cheeseboard.

"Michelle," I said, hearing how gruff my own voice was. "People might hear."

She looked at me over her shoulder and smiled. Her lips were painted a shiny peach color, and all I could think about was pushing my cock between those lips and holding her hair in a tight fist while she sucked me off.

"That makes it even better. The suspense. The worry."

I ran my hand along the smooth surface of the wooden board and looked at her round, bare ass. Then I looked down the aisle in both directions and saw nothing. Not a customer, not an employee, nothing. It was a fucking miracle.

I positioned the board and gave her a whack with it. My dick grew even harder at the sound of the impact and the visual of her small body rocking forward. She hissed but then said, "Harder."

I delivered another blow, this one more intense. I felt the reverberation travel up my arm and into my shoulder, somehow settling low in my belly before zooming to my hard-on. I gave her another swat and watched her slim hand dip between her legs. She started to stroke her clit as I delivered precise blows here and there while checking the ends of the aisle from time to time. Thank God there was no rush on furniture and mirrors on this lovely Sunday afternoon.

Her ass turned from pale to cherry-red. I saw the flex of her shoulder as she played with herself, and another piece of my rational mind shut down.

I gave her a final blow and let the board drop, hoping the clatter didn't bring anyone to investigate the noise. I stepped closer, turning her to face me, and put my hands on her shoulders. I didn't have to press. She dropped to her knees, hand still working between her thighs. She unzipped me and found my cock, pulling it free to wrap her lips around the head. She began to suck, driving her mouth up and down my shaft so that the sensation of her wet tongue and the soft insides of her cheeks overwhelmed me.

My eyes slammed shut—*Fuck getting caught*—and I rocked into her, feeling my cockhead go deep. I gripped her hair tight and heard her gasp. Then I used her mouth the way I needed to, pushing myself closer and closer to orgasm as I slid into her clasp throat.

She whimpered, and I knew she was close to climaxing. No doubt that hand had never slowed, had just kept going.

I pulled her hair a bit harder, and she came, stifled by my thrusting dick.

"Get up," I growled, giving the aisle a cursory glance. No one. Not one

“DRIVING INTO HER ONE MORE TIME, I EMPTIED INTO HER WITH A BARELY STIFLED BELLOW.”

damn person was anywhere in sight.

She got up, and I turned her, pressing my hand to her lower back and bunching up her dress at her waist. She leaned forward, and I knocked her legs wider apart with my foot before pushing my cock into her pussy. She groaned. Her hand still worked her clit, her goal another orgasm.

I gripped her hip with my left hand, and with my right, I ran my fingertips over the redness of her ass cheeks. The angriest places I pressed roughly to let her feel the sting. She whimpered, and her cunt gripped my cock tight in response to the pleasure and the pain.

I fucked her faster, deeper, and bit my tongue to hold on. I wanted this to last despite the danger of being discovered. Or maybe because of it.

She clenched her internal muscles around me. She was so wet and tight it was my turn to groan.

“Fuck,” I gasped.

“We are,” she said, laughing. But the laugh turned to a sigh, and I knew she was close once again. I pushed a spit-slickened finger into her asshole and started to fuck her there, feeling my cock driving deep into her pussy through the thin membrane that separated her passages.

“You’re so goddamn tight,” I said.

“And you’re so goddamned good.”

I clenched my jaw and concentrated

on sliding my finger in and out of her back passage. I concentrated on driving my cock deep to hit her G-spot. And I concentrated on not coming yet because I wanted my little cheeseboard whore to come first.

I added a second finger to her ass and made my thrusts shorter and harder. Her dark hair brushed the back wall of the display, and when she came, she swallowed as much noise as she could, but damn, she was still loud.

I heard voices headed our way and figured no time like the present. I let myself go, driving into her quickly one more time. I emptied into her with a barely stifled bellow. And then pulled free.

“Someone’s coming,” I whispered.

She stood, pulled up her panties, and flipped her dress down. Her hair was wild like a sea anemone. She tried to smooth it down, but she couldn’t stop laughing.

I looked up to see a guy in his

uniform red polo watching me as I zipped up. “Hi!” I said, barely repressing a laugh.

Michelle stooped over and snagged the board. “Sorry about the ruckus. We dropped our cheeseboard!”

He just raised an eyebrow and said, “Okay,” before carrying on. Something told me this man had seen it all.

Michelle couldn’t quell her laughter. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed my lips.

“I love shopping with you. It’s such an adventure.” Then she added with a smile, “We’re buying this cheeseboard.”

—P.A., Cheyenne, Wyoming

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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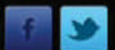
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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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